[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# ROYAL YACHT:

## LOGAN THE WARLOCK.

A Revolutionary Romance of Sea and Land Adventure.

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CHAPTER I.

THE ROYAL YACHT.



ONG since, the summer of 1778 had opened in sunshine and warmth on the American colonies. The British had been moving from post to post, and the Americans had been hang ing upon their course and worrying exceedingly. Yet the cause of freedom in America looked dark and dubious. The onset of the patriots upon their enemy in Rh Island utterly failed, and their French ally, the Count d'Estaing, was driven with his fleet to seek shelter in the harbor of Boston. On the western frontier a frightful war was carried on

by the Indians and British against the peaceful inhabitants, and in this the tories had the leading hand. The terrible massacre of Wyoming shed a dark cloud over the people of the border, and it ore dreadful from the fact that the bloody butchery was the result of the treachery of torics. One other thing tended to darken the dawn of independence, and that was the frequent dissatisfaction that was manifested among the American They had suffered all kinds of privations and hardships, and some of them began to be disheartened. But the cause of freedom was yet mighty, and the hearth-stones of Columbia had stout defenders.

At this time Washington, with his army, was at White Plains, while the British were centred in the city of New York. During the whole of the summer the Americans remained mostly inactive only watching the movements of the enemy, and occasionally send-ing out scouts and messengers. Yet there was warfare enough going on, some on the western frontier, some in the South, and much at sea. In this latter field the British were almost wholly the sufferers. Their merchant ships and transports were many of them taken, and often their smaller armed vessels also fell a prey to the American privateers.

It was near noon of a pleasant day on the first of August when five men stood at the foot of a little promontory on the coast of Connecticut. This promontory formed the eastern shelter of a small inlet known at that time by the name of Morgan's Bay-so called because an old fisherman of that name had a cot at the mouth of the little river that emptied into it. The basin of the bay was deep and capacious, but the entrance to it was very difficult, from the many reefs and sunken rocks that stood off its mouth; vet there was a safe passage to and from the bay, and even a heavy ship might have been taken in by one who was intimately acquainted with the channel.

The leader of the group just mentioned was a young man, not more than five and twenty years of age, and he was habited in the garb of a seaman. He was tall and stout, and by far more comely than either of his companions. His countenance was bold and open, the features all well defined and regular, and his brow long years of sunshine and storm-for his life from early boyhood had been passed upon the ocean-but this very darkness gave a rich tone to his countenance, and also helped to show that his frame was made for use and service. His eyes were very clear and bright, and of a dark hazel color, while his hair, which was of a rich brown, hung in envious curls about his neck and temples. Such was Edward Edgerly. He had commenced to follow the

was left with his own manhood alone for an inheritance. Edgerly's companions were all of them older than himself; and though they evinced much shrewdness and quickness of thought, yet one could see that they lacked the general education of their youthful leader. They were all of them seamen, and all stout and hardy.

sea with his father, but his parents were now both dead, and he

There is one other scene near at hand that must be introduced to the reader. Not more than a mile from where the party stood out in the sound, lay a becalmed vessel. She was a very picture of maritime beauty, being a schooner of some hundred and fifty tons burden, and rigged at every point for the purpose of sailing She was a royal yacht, and was known to belong to some of the English nobility who were stopping at Newport, where a branch of the British army held possession. On the present occasion she had been out on some sort of an excursion in the sound, and had been left in a dead calm. All her sails, save the jib, were spread, ready to catch the first breath of wind that came over the smooth water. Occasionally there came little land puffs, just sufficient to cause the ensign to flutter out and show itself, but not enough to move the heavy sails.

"She's a beauty, and no mistake," said Andrew Elliott, addressing young Edgerly. Elliott was the oldest man of the party having seen some forty years of life, and he was a fair specimen of a Yankee sailor-rather short of stature, but with breadth and thickness of shoulder enough to make it up.

"Av. Elliott." returned the young man, while his eye sparkled. "She is a beauty. It cost money to put such a craft as that upon

another of the party, a nan whose na Caleb Wales, who possessed a frame of extraordinary muscular pow-er, and a face of extraordinary shrewdness. He

was a native of Connec ticut, and an original genius in his way. "I guess it did," he repeated, with more emphasis "By the great end of all creation, Ned Edgerly,

she's in a very dangerous This last sentence was

spoken very slowly, and with a strange tone and manner.
"What d'ye mean, Caleb?" asked another of the party, whose name was Daniel Morris. "Nothing out there very dangerous. There aint no danger of her gettin' blowed ashore in this calm."

"Don't know 'bout that," replied Caleb, with a mysterious shake of the head. "But, ef I aint most awfully mistaken, Ned Edgerly thinks just about as I do."

Young Edgerly started as he heard this remark, for he was not aware that his thoughts had been the subject of any one's surmises; but when he saw the light that sparkled in Caleb's eyes, he saw that his thoughts had been "Come, Ned," resumed Caleb, "out with it. What

yer been thinkin' 'bout?" "I'll tell you. The thought had entered my head that we ought to own that royal yacht."

"But before we lay any plans, I should like to know more particularly concerning the number of men she has on board, for we must not undertake our work till we know pretty nearly with what we shall have to contend. I think old Morgan has a spy-glass.

"Yes, he has," said Hoyt; "and I'll run and get it." As Hoyt spoke he started off. The distance was not great to the old fisherman's cot, and ere long the messenger returned with the glass. Young Edgerly took it, and,

having found the true focal adjustment, he levelled it upon the yacht. His gaze was long and careful, and his countenance brightened as he turned once more towards his There are not over twenty souls on board," he said,

'and four or five of them are mere boys. Let me have a dozen men at my back, and I'll take her. Caleb, how long will it take you to go to Stamford and back again? "I ken dew it in tew hours, an' have time t' spare.

"Then go and start up eight or ten good men. You will know whom to trust. Have them here as soon as possible, and have them come armed."

"Let me alone for that," uttered Caleb, as he turned

I know you will do it well, but still be careful. Make sure that you hit the men with whom we are all acquainted. There's Jackson, Loud, Strong, Muffet, Tarbox, and Libbey; be sure and ask them, if you can. Every minute

'Never fear," cried Caleb : and in another minute he had disappeared around the bluff.

"There aint the least danger in the world of her gettin' off afore Caleb comes back," remarked Elliott; "for I know this calm'll hold on, and when the wind does come, it'll come from the east'rd; now you mark my words.

It'll come puffin' down the sound."



THE ROYAL YACHT.

"Jest my idee, 'xactly!" uttered Caleb, bringing his hands together with sudden vehemence. ness to come here an' tantalize us in this fash

The other three men now started, and for some time each gazed around upon his companions in silence. Dan Morris was the first one to speak :

"I'm in for it," he said So am I." responded Elliott.

"And I, too," added the fifth man of the group, a young man, named James Hoyt.

"Then we'll have her at some rate," said Edward Edgerly, with animation. "If we can get her once in our pos on, we can sweep the sound as we please. She is heavy enough to carry all the armament we shall need. and we can easily find threescore of brave fellows to man her. O, shipmates, I have set my heart upon doing some thing to help my suffering country. Even at this very moment we are surrounded by a foreign foe, and the ble of our people is being shed without mercy. Up! up! for,

by the heavens above me, the British lion shall feel the weight of my hand ere I see him devour more of my country's children!" This simple vet impassioned speech set fire at once to the patriotism of the young man's companions, and they gave vent to their feelings in a low, solemn oath to join him in his purpose. There were no wild huzzas, no loud

Elliott," said Edgerly, after the matter was thus far understood, "you are an old weather-seer; tell us how long this calm will hold on."

acclamations, for their thoughts and feelings were too deep

The old sailor cast his eves slowly and observingly ound, placed his finger in his mouth till it became warm and then held it up over his head to see if any cool air struck it.

"Well," he said, with much assurance in his manner "there'll be no wind till the sun goes down, that's sartain, and that's seven good hours yet.'

"Then we shall have time enough," resumed Edgerly.

"I think you're right, Andrew," returned Edgerly. "She's no busi- And then he added, "But, let the wind come from what t will, we must be prepared. We will go and see old Morgan, and see if he has a boat that will suit our

purpose."
The others assented to the proposition, and forthwith they started for the old man's residence. The path wound ound by the margin of the bay, and at the inner extremity, where the stream emptied forth its waters, was the cot; and when our friends reached it they entered it with-Morgan was a very old man, and he lived all alone. His few wants he easily supplied, for he had some little store on hand, and he was still able to do much

"Well, well, my hearty boys," exclaimed the old man, as he shook his snow-white locks back from his temples 'so you're layin' on your oars yet. Zounds! if I was of your age I'd have a hand in this game that's goin' 'What game, Uncle Morgan ?" asked Edgerly. Every-

body who knew the old man called him "Uncle." "What game? Why, this plaguy British game, to be sure. I wish I was as I was forty years ago. I tell you,

old Dave Morgan wouldn't be on his oars.' 'No, I suppose not," said Edward, with a smile. You'd have done just as we are going to do."

'Eh! what's that, Ned! Goin' to lift up your hands "Yes, Uncle Morgan, and we've come to get a little of

"'Gad ! ask me for anything I've got. Take what you want, only let me know that it's goin' for to do somethin

agin them bloody Britishers.' Well, we only want your largest boat, and we'll bring it back to you as good as we found it."

'Take it! take it! But, look here, how you're goin' ork with that?

"We are goin' to capture a little prize from the enemy, that's all; and if we take it we shall bring it in here

The old man was highly delighted with this idea, and he once led the way to the little plank pier where his boats

were fastened. Edward found one there that just suited his pur pose, and his next movement was, to send Hoyt off after the arms which belonged to their party. They were only about a mile distant, at the house of an old farmer, where the young man had been in the habit of stopping since the death of his father.

Before three o'clock in the afternoon Hoyt had returned with the arms, and Caleb Wales had come back with ten stout men in his company. These men were all of them seamen, and when they heard from Edward more particularly about the matter in hand they were enthusiastic in the cause. They were all well armed, and had come every way prepared for a severe conflict.

The boat was unmoored and hauled round to the landing-step.

The mast was unstepped and left on the shore, and then the men took their seats upon the thwarts. In a few minutes more fifteen true Yankee sailors had fairly started upon their patriotic mission.

### CHAPTER II.

OLD David Morgan stood upon the rough landing pier in front of his cot, and watched the boat until it was out of sight, and all the while his gray eyes were sparkling with a lustre that had not shone there before for a long time. He was a very old man, for the frosts of more than fourscore years were upon the long white locks that floated loosely about his wrinkled temples; but he was not yet old enough to have forgotten the love of country nor the hatred of tyrants. The boat had just disappeared around the headland, and the old man was upon the point of turning towards his cot, when a sharp, quick cry fell upon his ear. It seemed to come from the thick wood to the eastward of the river, and bore the sound of some one in distress.

David sprang towards his cot as quickly as possible,-at such a call he could move quickly, if ever,-and when he came back he brought with him a pair of heavy boarding pistols. He moved up a few paces towards the wood, and then stopped to listen. In a moment more the same cry was repeated. The old man grasped his pistols firmly and started on, but ere he had moved many steps he heard a crackling in the bushes, and a female form came rushing out from the wood. She saw David, and, with a wild cry of hope, she sprang towards him and caught him by the arm.
"Kate Garland!" uttered the old man, as the fugitive's features

were turned beseechingly towards him.

"Yes! yes! David. O, save me! save me!"
She was a beautiful creature, the fugitive who had thus claimed otection at the hands of David Morgan-just blushing into the bloom of womanhood's first dawn, with a form as light and graceful as the fabled fairy, but yet full with health and maidenly vigor. Her features were all loveliness-pure, soft, and warm with the heart's best emotions; her eyes were blue, a deep, liquid, lustrous blue; and her hair, of rich auburn, was flowing in long, unrestrained curls over her fair white shoulders.
"Save me! O, save me!" she cried, still clinging to the old

"Certainly, my sweet child. But where's the danger?" There, there they come! O, save me, David!"

David Morgan looked up and saw two men coming towards him. They were both of them English officers, tall, stout men, with countenances full of base passions. David was not surprised to see the Englishmen there, for he knew that many of the nemy were prowling about the Connecticut coast.

"Do those men mean to harm you, Kate?" asked the old man. The two officers had stopped a short distance off when they saw what sort of protection the girl had found, and they seemed to be consulting together.

Yes," returned the maiden, having regained somewhat of her "Nearly a week ago I met them in the wide path that leads from my father's house to the coast, and they asely insulted me, but I escaped them unharmed. Since then they have been lurking about; and to-day, as I was returning home from old Farmer 'Tallett's, they seized me; they caught me when I knew not they were near; I struggled and cried, but they stopped my mouth and bore me towards the sea-shore. They and screamed; and when they tried to stop my mouth again I broke from them and fled towards your cot. They are wicked men, and they said they would take me to Newport. You will not let them harm me.

"No, no, my child," returned the old man, with a firmly-closed lip. "Before they harm Kate Garland, they must kill David Morgan. I am-David suddenly stopped speaking, for he saw that the two men

were approaching. Kate crouched away behind her old friend. and let go his arm. "Just you leave that girl alone, old man," cried the first officer.

as he came near to where the maiden and her protector stood 'She is our prize, and we'll have her; so, if you value your life, just move out of the way. D'ye understand?"

"Look ye, old white-head," added the second comer, with a coarse oath by way of emphasis, "you'd better get out of the way as quickly as possible, or we'll be under the necessity of moving Budge, now, and leave the girl alone."

The old man's lips trembled, but there was no fear upon his time-worn countenance. He had tucked both the pistols inside of his leathern belt when Kate first came up to him, but they were in a situation to be easily drawn.

"Don't fear, Kate," he said, as the maiden again caught him by the arm. "They sha'n't harm you while I live. Let go my arm and be quiet. You'll bother me if you cling to me so."

She let go of David's arm, and then he turned towards the Englishmen

What do you want with this girl ?" he asked.

"That's none of your business, old man. You get out of the way, and you'll save yourself a vast deal of trouble.

You'll not touch this girl while I am alive, you red-coated villains!" retorted David, in an excited tone, but yet without trembling. "She's come to me for protection, and she shall have it. Now go about your business. If you stop here much longer, you may get into trouble

The two men laughed at the old man's reply, and one of the

approached him, saying, as he did so:

"You talk well for an old man."

"Ay," bitterly returned David, while his lip curled with utter scorn; "and so you act well for what you are. Aint you satisfied with tram pling upon our rights, butchering our people, and burning our towns? Must you, to fill up the measure of your wickedness, do things still more vile? I know your hearts, and I know they are like rocks. Now go about your

"And this is our business, old bald headed rebel. That girl is ours."

Back! Lay but a finger upon her, and you

are both dead men! By the sacred rights God has given me, I'll not see her harmed while I can

lift a hand. Back, villains !"

David drew both his pistols as he spoke, and the two men cowered for a moment before his determined presence. They seemed to have come to the conclusion that the venerable rebel was a man not to be trifled with, and yet they had evidently made up their minds to possess themselves of the maiden. They moved back a few paces, and conversed together in a low tone Then he who had been the first to speak moved up again, while the other remained behind.
"Hark ye, old man," said he who had ad-

vanced, when he came to within half-a-dozen paces of where David stood; "we don't want to harm the girl, but she must go with us. There's no other alternative. Now you can give her up,

The speaker suddenly turned his gaze towards the shore of the bay, and the fisherman naturally followed his example. There was nothing there but the sand, and rocks, and water, but the mo ment the old man's eyes were turned, the second officer sprang like a cat upon him and bore him to the ground. One of his pistols fell from his grasp as he came down, but though he still kept the other one, yet he could not use it. The Englishman was a stout, heavy man, and he now held old Morgan as he would have held a child

"Now, old white-head," growled the ruffian, "you are safe, and I've a great notion to kill you for the pains you have taken."

The poor old man struggled with all his might, but it availed him nothing. He might as well have tried to free himself from a lion.

In the mean time, the other villain had approached the spot where the maiden stood.

"Now, my pretty piece of perverseness, you are mine," he uttered, with a dark smile upon his lips.

Kate Garland was not yet conquered. She s w in an instant the nature of her situation, and every nerve and muscle in her system was strained for the emergency. Something worse than death was staring her in the face and every energy of her life was required to meet it. She saw where Morgan's pistol had dropped, and with one bound she sprang to the spot and seized it. She cocked it, and then turned with flashing eyes upon her enemy.

"Touch me not!" she said, in a voice very low and calm, but yet very powerful. "Come no nearer, sir!"

And what will you do if I do ?" " Joshall fire.

"Ha, ha, ha! Spunk as well as beauty. Now put up your pistol."

As he spoke he made a spring towards the maiden, but she was prepared for him. She had seen how the old fisherman had been overcome, and she was wary. Ideas of self-defence came quickly and clearly to her mind, and she hesitated not to act. She raised the pistol-the villain made a movement to dash it from her grasp, but he was too late. With a steady nerve she pulled the trigger-the sharp report rang out upon the air, and with a deep groan the officer staggered back. He clapped both hands to his bosom, but it was only to close them over the place where the sure death-messenger had gone. He made one more convulsive movement towards the fair girl, but she cluded his grasp—he passed unsteadily on by the spot where she had stood, but he stopped himself and turned. His eyes were grown leaden, and while he tried to look upon the fair form of his intended victim, he reeled once more like a drunken man, and then sank down upon the green-sward. He fell with out a grean, and lay as motionless as a stone

The man who had been holding the old fisher man, now leaped to his feet. He had not been long down, for the tragic scene which had just closed had passed very quickly—so quickly that he could not have prevented it had he not been otherwise engaged. The fall of his companion for a moment as though he were undecided what to do. This moment was not lost by Kate, for quick as thought she sprang to grasp David's second pistol, but the old man saved her the trouble. He had been somewhat bruised by the rough usage he had received, but it only tended to make him start the more quickly, for he was stung to the quick by the indignity, and, under the influence of the just indignation that raged

By this time the Englishman was satisfied that he was left alone to settle the difficulty, and with a fierce oath he drew his sword and sprang towards the fisherman. But David was prepared for him; and he was prepared, too, without any thoughts of parley or quarter. He simply raised his pistol, and, without speaking, he fired; and before the report had ceased its reverberations among the distant hills, the second villain was

The maiden gazed about her with a quick, sweeping glance. She was pale as marble, and as soon as she saw that her persecutors were both dead, and that she was free from present danger, she tottered towards her preserver, and would have fallen at his feet had he not have caught

Kate." he said, as he brushed the ringlets back from her white brow, "you are not

harmed ?' "Not harmed," she murmured, gazing vacantly up into the old man's face. David, I am safe. They cannot harm me now.

It was only a sort of bewildering weakness that had come over her-a weakness consequent upon the long mental siege she had undergone-and

"They have not harmed you, Kate?" the old repeated, in a tone of considerable earnestness, and yet with a tinge of the inquisitive.

"No, no, thank God! they have not!" ejacu lated the maiden, with a fervor of tone that showed conclusively that her mind was not wandering; "I am unharmed, David. But how is it with yourself?'

"O, they didn't hurt me-not an atom. Now if you are strong enough I'll accompany you home, for I know you wont want to go alone

Kate Garland would not have refused the old nan's offer, but before she could make a reply, they were startled by the approach of a man who had come from the wood. He was a middle-aged man, somewhere about forty years of age, and eminently handsome as far as outward beauty was concerned; and his countenance, even, upon a close examination, was prepossessing. form and carriage showed that he had never been used to manual labor, and his walk was both proud and dignified. If there was anything in his countenance that could be turned against him by a skillful physiognomist, it was a something about his thin and strongly-marked lips The dark eyes betrayed a deep, strong soul, and those lips told of an indomitable will. Then by summing up the investigation, one would be led to the conclusion that the man, though naturally kind and generous, would never swerve from a plan once conceived, even though he should discover that said plan was wrong and wicked.

"Ah, here comes Sir Walter McDoane," said the old fisherman.

"Sir Walter?" uttered Kate, looking up.

"He will go home with you."
"Yes," said Kate; and as she spoke there came a dark shadow over her face, and she

"You are not afraid of Sir Walter, are you?" asked David, noticing with some amazement the

motion of the young girl. "O, no-not afraid of him," returned Kate;

but she spoke faintly, and in a dubious voice. At this juncture the man came up. He expressed considerable alarm when he saw how pale the maiden was, and he at once took her by

"Kate," he said, speaking in a very tender tone, "I have been looking for you. What has happened? Tell me, for I am very anxious.'

She explained the matter to him as the reader already understands it. He was much affected by the narrative, and after it was concluded he went and looked at the bodies of the two dead

"I have seen the villains before," he said, as he placed his foot upon the second one and turned his face up. "I have seen them prowling about here. But they've met their just deserts now. Morgan, you shall be rewarded for this."

"Say nothing about that, Sir Walter," quickly replied the old man. "But you will let the young lady go into my cabin and take a drop of cordial before she starts for home. She needs it bad enough, poor girl. Come, sir, you shall taste my wine for yourself. Better never crossed

Sir Walter asked Kate if she would like a little wine, and upon her answering in the affirmative, he signified his willingness to accompany the old fisherman. They accordingly entered the cot, and, handing out a couple of seats, old David went to one of his lockers, from which he brought forth a large flask and some glasses These he set upon the table, and then he helped his guests, and he did it, too, with much more of real refinement than one often finds in the halls of boasted fashion. It was refinement in that it

was done with modest, heart-felt zeal. Kate Garland drank some of the wine, and it seemed to revive her, but she did not appear so easy as before Sir Walter had come. There was nothing in her glance that seemed to indicate that she really disliked the man, nor could it be really said that she feared him; but yet there was a manifest uneasiness in her manner, an un easiness that plainly indicated that she would have been happier had she been alone. Old David noticed it, and he at first wondered at it, but gradually there stole a look of intelligence countenance, until at length he shook his head beneath the weight of the idea that had

### CHAPTER III.

THE WARLOCK.

long beneath the fisherman's roof, and as soon as Kate had become somewhat revived he arose to take his leave. He had already put on his hat, and was assisting the maiden to adjust her light scarf, when a stranger suddenly appeared the new-comer had entered without ceremony He was an old man-certainly over threescorevery tall and gaunt, and very straight. His face was much wrinkled, and without beard. His hair had evidently once been of a sandy hue, but it was now almost white, save a few locks that clung about the ears, and they were still of a yellow cast. His eyes were small-probably contracted by age-and gray; but they were bright and strong. His dress was peculiar, con sisting of thin, tight leggings, a sort of coarse plaid shirt, and a plaid bonnet, such as is usually worn by the Scotch Highlanders.

Excuse me, good folks," he said, with a slight Scotch idiom in his speech; "but I am weary, and I sought rest here, for well I knew

that David Morgan was not the man to refuse it." "You spoke right then, Logan," returned David. "Rest here as much as you please, and

when you please "Thank you," replied the stranger guest, as he took a seat. "I see you have been having

some strange work out here. "Yes, yes," responded David. "Those two fellows thought to carry off our pretty Kate, and I for one, hope the same may be the fate of all Them Britishers aint of no use here, an' I don't know but that's the best way to fix 'em.'

"Certainly," said Logan; and as he spoke he turned his eyes around upon Kate Garland.

Sir Walter McDoane had been watching the ever since he entered, and now that he got a full view of his features he started with a sudden emotion, which even he himself did not fully understand. Perhaps the old man noticed this, for he bent his eyes keenly upon the baronet, and seemed to be studying every line in his

"Look ye, sir," said Sir Walter, with a slight show of uneasiness, "you regard me as though you knew me. Have you ever met me before?"

Logan gazed for a few moments longer with out speaking. There was something like a dark mile swept across his features, and a strange light came to his small gray eyes. He trembled some as he spoke, but very likely that tremulous

ness was only the result of age and fatigue. "Sir Walter," he said, in a tone that made both the baronet and the maiden start, "I have met you before; but I meet many a man whom I soon afterwards forget; but few people once meet the warlock and then forget him.

"Then you are a warlock, are you?" said Sir Walter, trying to appear relieved. "A man

wizard, I suppose.

"I am called Logan, the Warlock," returned the old man, with a slight tinge of contempt in his tone. "I never assumed the name, but people have seen fit to give it to me. Whether I am a wizard, or not, those know best who know my power.

A curl of disdain manifested itself around the finely chiselled lips of Sir Walter.

"I think I know your character now," the baronet said, "and I suppose I must have met you somewhere. But you see," he added, with a sarcastic smile, "I have seen you, and yet came near forgetting you

"No, no, Sir Walter McDoane: You did not come near forgetting me. I know how you would profess to look upon me, but you cannot hide your thoughts from me. I could make your blood leap through your veins till your very brain turned.

"Finely and professionally spoken," said the baronet; "but as I happen to know what such speeches, from such a source, are worth, they have but little place in my memory. Come Kate, we will be going.'

The maiden was all ready, and she arose to follow her conductor; but she did not go before she had turned and taken one more look at the warlock. She had been startled by the old man's When Sir Walter reached the door he turned back.

"David," he said, in a careless tone, "I wish you would come out here and look to these two dead bodies a moment. We must make some provision for their disposal.'

The old fisherman immediately arose and followed the baronet out of the cot. When they reached the spot where the late tragedy had been enacted, Sir Walter stopped and turned towards his old host. There was much of anxiety upon his features, and the careless expression with which he had left the cot was all gone.

"David," he began, without taking the least notice of the corses that lay near him, "who is that man?'

"Do you mean Logan?"

"Why, I couldn't tell you any more than he told you himself. All I know is, that his name is Logan, and that he is called the warlock But he is a strange man, though.

"In what is he strange?" asked the baronet, seeming not to endeavor to hide the interest he

"Why, he's strange about everything. He can tell some wonderful things, and do some wonderful things. It was he that cured me of the bite of the rattlesnake, and he did it, too, when everybody else said I must die. He's a good man, sir, but I should advise you'not to

"O, I have no fear of him, my old friend only my curiosity is excited—that's all. How long has he been about here?"
"Well, I couldn't exactly say. He's been off

an' on for a good many years. I remember him first some twelve or fifteen years ago, and he's been about here at odd times ever sin times stopping two or three months, and some times not more than as many days.

"And what seems to be his business about

"I don't know, nor does any one else."

"How long has he been here this time?" "Just now was the first I have seen of him "Do you know where he belongs?"

"No."
"Nor whether he has any relatives?"

"I know that he has no near relations, for he has often told me that he had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, wife nor child, left alive on earth. In fact, Sir Walter, I some times think that his brain has been injured by misfortune, for there is no mistake that he has

had enough of it." The baronet seemed much moved, but when he saw how closely the old fisherman was watching him he made a strong effort to throw off th outer appearance of his emotions; but he did not succeed. His face told too plainly that he had not only failed to forget the warlock, but that the sight of him had produced a startling effect upon his mind. He turned away, but ere he had gone many steps he stopped and looked

"David," he said, with some hesitation in his manner, "you need not mention to any one how I have questioned you." (The old man nodded an assent.) "I will send some men to look after

So saying the baronet gave Kate his arm, and then turned up towards the path. As soon as he was out of sight David returned to his cot, where he found the warlock half asleep in his chair, but he aroused himself as soon as the fish-

"Well, well, Logan," uttered David, in a cheerful, off-hand manner, at the same time seating himself, "you haven't tasted my wine

"No, but I will now, if you've no objections."

ctions to your going without tasting it.

The fisherman pushed the flask towards his guest, and the latter helped himself.

'Now," said Logan, after he had drank a glass of the wine, "I have another favor to ask of you. I may have occasion to remain about here for some time, and I should like to make this place my home. I will pay you whatever you may think proper.'

"Say nothing about pay, eir. My cot is at your service, and I should like above all things to have you for company, for, to tell the plain truth, I am lonely here sometimes.

"I should think you would be," returned Logan, and then in a different tone he added : But I want you to tell me something of this Sir Walter McDoane."

"I don't know much about him." "But you know something. How long has he been here?

"Well, he's been here about a year. He came from Boston, I think. There was a fine estate joining Capt'n Garland's, whose owner had died. Sir Walter came on and bought it."

"This Captain Garland, of whom you speak, is the young lady's father, I take it,-the lady who has just left here, I mean.

"Yes-she is his only child." "Is her mother living?"

"No. Her mother died some years ago."

"Very well. And so Sir Walter came from Boston and bought the great estate that lays on the river above here?'

"What are his opinions respecting the present conflict between England and the colonies

"Why, he stands in that matter just about where Captain Garland does. He's kind o' neutral like. The old captain says the colonies of right belong to the king, just as much as England itself does; but he says if the people of the colonies can beat the king in a fair fight, and so gain their independence, they will have a right to it. He thinks the king is right in wanting what has always been considered his, and that the colonists are right in wanting to be free and Sir Walter thinks just about the same.

"Yes," returned Logan, with a curl of the lips, "they are afraid of assuming the responsibility of an independent position on this question. Neither side, I suppose, can claim them as partisans, nor denounce them as rebels. I have the most important question yet to ask.' Here the warlock's voice settled to an impressive tone, and a troubled look rested upon his countenance. "Tell me, if you can," he continued, what is the nature of the friendship between Sir Walter and Kate Garland?"

"Why, I s'pose if nothing happens more than

is expected, they'll be married."
"Married! Do you mean that the baronet would make the girl his wife ?"

"Yes. That's the plan now. Captain Garland has given his consent; or, at least, so I have been told by those who ought to know.' "And so it has come to this!" murmured

Logan to himself, as he clasped his thin, long hands upon his wrinkled brow. At the end of a few moments he looked up again. "But do you think the girl loves this man

"I did think so till to-day, for she has, to my certain knowledge, always set a good deal by him; but I heard her say something to-day that has made me alter my mind. I rather fancy that Kate has seen some one that she loves better. I may say that the idea has entered my mind that she has let her eye fall on young Edward Edgerly. I know she has seen him, and that she had even been over to his boarding place when she was caught by the two British officers. But if she does love Ned Edgerly, then she loves just the finest young man I ever knew. I should like to tell you something about this youth," continued the old fisherman, reaching over after the wine flask. "He is a young-

David Morgan stopped speaking, for he suddenly discovered that his companion was not The warlock had allowed his brow again to sink upon his hands, and his hands were resting upon the table. David spoke to him, but he did not answer. He then arose from his seat, and went around and laid his hand upon his guest's shoulder, but yet he gained no reply. He raised the head, and the eyes were closed, but yet the face was warm. Morgan was startled, for he found that Logan was utterly insensible. He sation of the heart, and he at once set about using such means as he had at hand for bringing warlock back to his senses; and in this was successful, for ere long Logan opened his eyes, and shortly afterwards David assisted him to a bed where he could the more easily attend

David Morgan was not by nature a very curious man, for he never meddled with what did not concern him; but in the present instance his curiosity was prodigiously excited. He had suspected that there was something odd, to say the least, about Sir Walter McDoane, and as for Logan, he knew there was a vast deal about him that was really strange. But he could not question the old warlock now. He did ask him, gan said it was fatigue; but David did not so readily believe. He fancied there was some thing more than mere fatigue in the operation.

### CHAPTER IV.

THE ROYAL YACHT IN A NEW SITUATION.

WHEN the boat in which young Edgerly and his companions had set off had passed the promontory the royal yacht was brought in sight and not more than a mile distant. Edward was all animation, and his followers were equally zealous with himself. The yacht carried four brass guns-two on each side-and of course our adventurers knew that she must be well sup plied with other arms, but they thought not of the danger they had to encounter, any further than to avoid that which was unnecessary. They only thought of the value of the prize before

"Of course I've none, but I should have ob them, and of the service they might render to their suffering country

"Look here, capt'n-for I s'pose we might as well begin to call you capt'n now as any time," said Caleb Wales, turning towards Edward. "I take it you mean to run under that feller's

"Of course," returned our hero, partly smiling at Caleb's bluntness, and partly blushing at the allusion thus made to the picture of his ambition. "We can run straight under her forefoot, and then come up under her fore-chains, and she wont have a chance to fire into us. But I tell you, my men," Edward added, "we've got hard work to do, and we may as well make up our minds to it now as at any time. I suppose they will mistrust our errand, and be prepared

"You may set your life on that stake," said Elliott. "If we've caught 'em in a calm we sha'n't catch 'em nappin'. You'll have enough to do, Caleb."

'Jest wat I like," responded Caleb, with a look that showed him sincere. "If all my work can be agin them intarnal Britishers I'd like to work my hands chock off up to my elbows. By the big end of all creation, if I don't make some of 'em wish they'd never seed Cale Wales, then

call me a lubber, that's all." No one seemed to doubt Caleb's veracity, and he was allowed to shake his head to the full extent of the emphasis he wished to bestow upon his patriotic sentiments.

"Now look alive, boys," uttered Edward, in short, quick tones. "Be ready every man to spring. Remember we have only our coolness and decision to depend upon. It must be a hand-to-hand affair. If they fire upon us with their small arms, don't flinch. If there be six of us left when the boat touches, those six shall board.'

"Av, av,-an' I'd board alone afore I'd go back as I come," added Caleb, as he loosened his pistols, and tightened his cutlass belt. "I'm ready for 'em.'

By this time the boat had come to within hailing distance, and our adventurers saw that the crew of the yacht were all crowded forward.

"Jerewsalem! what a thing she must be for sailing!" ejaculated Caleb. "Who ever seed such bows as them afore ?"

The remark was not inappropriate, for the yacht did look handsomer the nearer she was approached. Her bows were sharp and well turned, and they sat proudly up as though disdainful of the water that would impede them.

"Boat ahoy!" came from the bows of the

"We'll give no answer," said Edward to his men. "If they want any clue to our real character they must judge for themselves. Lay to your oars.'

"Keep off! keep off! or we'll fire into you,"

yelled the captain of the yacht.

"Fire away, my hearty," mnttered Caleb, as he pulled his cap down over his head more firmly, and then took hold to give the oarsman in front of him a lift. "One more good pull!" uttered Edward.

Just as he spoke he heard the order given on board the yacht to fire, and in a moment more nearly a score of muskets were discharged into the boat; but Caleb Wales was the only man that was hit, a ball grazing him upon the left cheek. He put his hand up and felt the wound -it was not a severe one,-then he looked at his hand and saw the blood.

'D'ye see that?" he attered, showing his bloody hand to Edward.

"But it's all in the fate of war, Caleb," returned the young leader. "They have a right to defend themselves. Ha! look out! In with

your oars, and stand by to grapple the chains.' In another instant, before the yacht's muskets could be discharged a second time, the boat was under the chains, and Edward leaped upon her deck. Caleb Wales was the first to follow him. The yacht's crew numbered just twenty, but three of them were boys, habited in the uniform of midshipmen. They were armed.

What does this mean?" exclaimed the

"It means that we want this vessel," replied our hero, as he beat back a man who had attempted to oppose him.

'Rebels! rebels!" cried the Englishman.

"Repel them, my men!" The crew of the yacht sprang forward to beat back the invaders, but they did not succeed. Caleb Wales alone covered the way for eight of he sent four of the enemy to their last account In fact, the very appearance of Caleb was enough to frighten a stout man into submission-tall and powerful, his face and bosom all covered with blood, his cap gone, and his long hair oristling like porcupine quills about his head. He well knew the many butcheries the enemy had committed in the adjoining colony, and he knew that he was fighting against men who would trample all he held dear in the dust.

Though the crew of the yacht out-numbered the Yankees, yet they were far inferior in point of power, for our hero had at his back a set of men picked out of a hundred, each one of whom was a hero in himself. Such a conflict, between such a number, could not last long. In less than fifteen minutes the English cried for quarters.

". Then down with your arms!" said Edward. "We will give no quarters while there is a man of you holds a weapon.

The English captain had already dropped his weapon, for his sword-arm was cut so that he could not use it, and at a word from him his nen also laid down their arms. Edward's first impulse was to look around for his own men. He counted them, and found only three missing -three of those whom Caleb had got from Stamford. Some of the others were slightly wounded, but not enough to incapacitate them from duty. Of the English there were eight killed, five of them having fallen beneath the single arm

While our hero was making this survey the English commander was busy in having his arm bound up, and as soon as it was done to his satisfaction he sought the youthful conqueror,

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who was now looking after the wounded among the prisoners.
"Well, sir," said the Englishman with some-

what of a crestfallen look, yet tinged with wrath, "I suppose we are your prisoners.

"I must certainly regard you in that light at present," returned our hero.

And I suppose you intend to appropriate the yacht to your own use.

Yes. We should not have run so m risk if we had not wanted your vessel. The truth is, sir, she took my eye, and when I saw you out here becalmed, I determined to try for

'And you've got it, but you may find that the ession will be more of a plague than profit. You'll find it hard work to get out of the sound

"Do you think you've got another craft at Newport, or at New York, that can beat her on

"Well,-I don't think we have," replied the Englishman, with some hesitation.

Then I shall not fear for the present.' You are bold fellows, at all events, and it is a pity you are not engaged in a better cause

What cause can be better, sir, than the pro tection of our own hearth-stones? Than the cause of liberty? O," Edward added, with bitter emphasis, "'tis a pity you were not engaged in a better cause than fighting for a king who would trample upon all our sacred rights. ter cause! Look at our people, sir. See them starving and half naked, and yet bearing bravely up against their foe. Go track the blood-marks of their frozen feet, and listen to their prayers to God. Go to their houses, and see the fathers and the sons gone from the warm smiles that dwell there to brave the terrors of battle. Go and see the tender wife as she blesses her husband, and then prays for him as he turns away for the scene of conflict. Go and see our moth ers as they gratefully send forth their first born to fight for liberty. Do you suppose all this holy one? It was our sacred cause that nerved our arms in the conflict that has just passed. Don't talk of bad causes, sir, until you have

looked a little about you."

The Englishman had no answer for the young American, but he quailed before his sparkling eye and majestic look. He knew that there was truth in what he had heard, though perhaps he was not ready to own it. As Edward turned towards the spot where his men were engaged in placing the prisoners in irons, the captive cap tain walked aft and leaned up against the taffrail, and there he remained until the deck was all cleared up, and the dead carefully laid away under a spare sail.

The calm still prevailed, and as soon as other matters were attended to Edward thought of examining the prize that had fallen into his hands. She proved to be somewhat larger than he had thought, having more breadth of beam, and sitting deeper in the water. Her four guns were twelve-pounders and of medium length and besides these there was a good quantity of small arms and ammunition. The cabin was spacious, and furnished with all the splendor wealth could afford, and there was ample room forward for a large crew. When Edward returned to the deck he again sought his prisoner

"Captain," he said, "I should like to know this yacht. I thought she belonged to some of your English nobility.

she did, until you took her." "And were you down here on a mere pleasure

I was sent after a couple of runaways Two of the officers who were stationed at New-port borrowed a boat and got leave to take a turn in the bay about a week ago, and as nothing has been heard of them since, the admiral saw fit to send me after them, and as there was no other light vessel at hand he obtained this

"And have you found your runaways?"

"But you do not mean to tell me that you were sent out in this shape for that purpose alone for I hardly think this craft would have been put sion for so paltry an affair.

Well, sir," returned the Englishman, smiling despite the pain of his arm, "that was one of se you do not expect that I shall reveal them; so you can doubt and surmise as much

"O, I sha'n't push you with questions," said our hero. "I have got all I want now, and if you have government secrets, you are welcome

As Edward thus spoke he turned to his men "I think we may expect a breeze soon," said Andrew Elliott, who was holding up his finger to see if he could detect any decided movement in the air. "There's a little breath comin' in from the east'rd, here, an' it'll be sure to puff

Edward noticed the indications, and he at once set about preparing to run his prize into Morgan's Bay. Before the lower disc of the touched the distant tree-tops the breeze came, gently at first, but gradually swelling un til the white canvass was filled, and Elliott took the helm. The run was a short one, and ere long the royal yacht was safe and snug in the little bay. As soon as her anchors were down and her sails furled, the prisoners were placed in the boat which had been borrowed of the old fisherman, and the dead bodies in the yacht's boat, and then our hero pulled towards Morgan's landing. The old man came near going crazy with delight when he learned of what had he done, and fifty times, at least, did he place his hand upon young Edgerton's shoulder and tell him that he was a "noble fellow." But Edward claimed but little of the honor for himself.

"Ah! what's this, David ?" uttered the young man, as he saw the two corses which lay near

"O, them's a couple of beauties that thought to make a capture about here. I'll tell you bout it when we get a chance."

An exclamation from the English captain at this moment arrested our hero's attention

"Those are the very men I was after," said the prisoner, as he came near enough to see the faces of the two dead officers. "But it seems they are as bad off as the rest of us."

'No worse off than they deserve, though,'

"What, have they been up to any mischief, or were they murdered in cold blood

"We don't murder folks in cold blood about here," returned David, indignantly. "Them two villains tried to steal away one of our helpless girls; but you see how they succeeded.'

The Englishman asked no more questions but suffered himself to be led away. learned from David the particulars of the cir umstances that had transpired while he had been gone, and the old man did not fail to notice the startling effect which the danger of Kate Garland produced upon his youthful listener. But Edward said nothing to expose his real sentiments, nor did the old man ask him any

Our hero had thought some of sending his prisoners off immediately to White Plains, where the American army was stationed, and which was only fifteen miles distant, but as some of them were wounded and weak, he concluded to let them rest over night, at least, so he obtained resting-places for them in David's boat-house and set a sufficient guard to watch them.

That night when Edward Edgerly laid his head upon his pillow, he looked forward into the future with golden hopes. Surely he had made a good beginning.

#### CHAPTER V.

LOVE.

EARLY on the morning following the capture of the royal yacht, young Edward was up and busy among his prisoners. A clergyman was sent fo to come from Stamford, but he came not alone. Some two-score of people came crowding along with him, for they had heard of the gallant ex ploit, and they wished to participate in the rejoic craft in the bay, laying there like a reposing seabird, with the flag of the colonies floating proudly from the peak, and they sent forth such a shout as old David Morgan had never heard about his cot before. But the shouting was soon hushed for the clergyman approached the spot, and the bodies of the dead were brought forth for burial. The ceremony was short but impressive. The graves were made in a quiet spot within the wood, and there the bodies of the enemy were placed, while the three Americans who had fallen were carried to Stamford.

As soon as this part of our hero's duty was accomplished, he set about arranging his prisoners for a march to White Plains. He left Andrew Elliott in charge of the yacht, taking Caleb Wales, James Hoyt, and four of the Stamford men with him to help guard the prisoners. leb's wound was washed and neatly dressed, and even now hardly disfigured his face. It was just ten o'clock when the party set off, and they reached White Plains by the middle of the after noon. General Washington was not in the camp having gone that very morning up towards Tarry town to inspect the posts in that direction; but Edward delivered his prisoners over to the officer in command, and from him he received the most flattering encomiums, with the promise, also, that the circumstance should be explained to Washington on his return.

Without remaining long to examine things in the American camp, Edward set off on his return, and when he had crossed the Byram river he sent his companions directly on to Morgan's Bay, while he kept on towards the dwelling of Captain Barry Garland. It was not yet sundown when he reached the dwelling of the captain, but he seemed to hesitate about entering the building. Thus far he had walked resolutely and boldly but now he stopped and gazed tremulously about him. He was still hesitating at the gate of the wide park, when he heard light footsteps approaching him, and on looking around he saw Kate oming towards him from the garden which lay to the right of the buildings. She came up with bright smile upon her features, and at once

extended her hand.
"Ah, Edward," she said, with a glowing countenance and sparkling eye, "I did not think you would have been up here at this time. have heard of your noble exploit; and what do you think my father says ?

"I'm sure I could not tell," returned our hero, speaking with a great deal more hesitation than nything on the occasion seemed to warrant

"Well, he says your conduct was perfectly ' resumed Kate, with a light laugh. He said he thought you did what any bold m had a right to do who was determined to fight against the king. Now that's considerable for my father to admit. But come, you shall go in and see him, for I know he would like to hear

an account of the affair from your own lips. "Not now, not now, Kate," said Edward, seeming to try to master some emotion that moved him. "I have but a short time to spare, and I have come to spend that with you alone.

Let us walk down the road here." The maiden had a smile upon her lips when Edward commenced speaking, but it was gone now, and she was very earnest in her study of the young man's features. She seemed to guess at something near the truth, for she spoke very lowly when she gave her hand again to her com-

"Of course I will walk with you," she said. 'and if you will not go with me into the house, then I will go with you.'

They accordingly turned down the road, and for some distance they walked on in silence Kate, who was usually so talkative and joyous, looked thoughtful, and Edward seemed busy in studying up something to say. At length they reached a spot where along row of willows grew upon either side of the way, and Edward slack-

ened his pace.
"Kate," he began, in a very tremulous tone, perhaps I am taking an unwarrantable liberty in broaching the thoughts that lay heavy upon

me, but you must forgive me if they cause you

"You must not commence in that way, Edward, for I do not believe you would say anything that could cause me pain.

'No, no, Kate, God knows I would not willingly: but in what I have now to say, there may be something that will strike you differently from what I mean in the saying. I know that I have no claim upon either the regards of your father or yourself. To be sure I have served your father in the way of business, but then the vice was mutual, and I was amply repaid. And as for yourself, I have been the sole recipient of Your society has given me some of the happiest moments of my life, and your sweet smiles have shed some of the brightest beams that ever lingered over my pathway. I cannot forget the joys of the past, for I have allowed them to take the wings of hope and go before me into the future. Once I even dared to raise my thoughts to a continuation of these joys that should be with me ever. But I can give it up now if it must be so. I would not be selfish, n would I urge a claim to which I have no right.

Edward felt Kate's hand tremble upon his arm, and he ceased speaking. There were tears in his own eyes, and he fancied that those of his

"Have I offended?" he asked.

"No," replied the the maiden, looking up. "Then I will say on. Uncle Morgan has told me of the danger to which you were exposed vesterday, and he also told me of another thing that has opened my eyes to a reality which had before been only an ideal. He said that you

The young man stopped, for his companion was trembling violently, and he saw that tears

were gathering in her eyes.
"Go on, Edward," she murmured, without "Tell me what David told you." "He told me that you were going to become the wife of Sir Walter McDoane.

"And did that give you pain ?" "Pain, Kate? O, it came to my heart like an ice-bolt. I knew not till then how-But let that pass. I would only know if David told me the truth ?"

"He told you what is generally believed to be the truth," returned Kate, while a tear trickled

"But he told me that your father had given his consent.'

"He told you truly."

"Then you are indeed to become the wife of another. O, Kate, this is hard; but I should not complain. It is nothing to me ;-and yet it will torture my heart. O, now that it is too late, I know how I have loved you—how wholly my heart has been yours. I have dreamed of you as one dreams of some Eden where joy has no night; but the dream is past. Forgive me, Kate, if I have made you weep. I shall weep long when there is no one to see me."

Edward stopped, and would have turned back,

but the maiden laid her head upon his bosom and began to weep more freely. She did not weep like one in pain, but as though the deep fountains of her soul had been stirred up with strong emo-

"Don't go yet," she murmured, "for you do "Not all, Kate? Ah, I need not to know ore."

"But I must tell you more," continued the maiden, looking up through her tears. "You will not ask me, and I must tell you without I love you, Edward, with Were I to marry with Sir Walter, you would not be alone in your misery.

"Then I was not deceived," cried the young man, as he pressed the fair girl to his boson O, I thought you loved me. I thought I had seen it in your eyes, in your smiles, in your words, and in the joy you have expressed in my society. I was not deceived, was I, Kate ?

"No, Edward, for I have loved you for a long

Slowly the lovers started on again. Edward had wiped his eyes, but he looked troubled, for He held one of Kate's hands in his own, and with an earnest look he gazed into her face. had just sunk from sight, and the rich glow that still lingered upon the face of nature fell with a marvellous softness upon the maiden's features The youth gazed upon them till the cloud was wandered back to the reality of things about him and he looked again troubled.

"Kate," he said, "do you think your father will press your marriage with the bar

O, I hope not. I know that he has promised Sir Walter my hand, but he has never asked me. I will tell him all, and I am sure he will

Then you will break the subject to your father,-you will tell him of our love "Yes, and if he loves me as I think he does,

he will not surely do a thing that could make me so miserable as that would." "No, for your father has ever appeared to me

to be a kind, generous man. If he wants a husgoods, I will win them. If a true heart and faithful love are wanted. God knows I have them both, and gold I can make. Tell him this,

"I will tell him all. Edward."

As soon as the dew began to fall, the lovers turned their steps back towards the spot from whence they had started, and on the way the talked of the love that had just burst its bounds It was a fruitful theme for those two young hearts, nd they would have talked on for a long while had they not been suddenly aroused by the appearance of Captain Garland, who was coming from towards the house

Garland was a man somewhere about fifty years of age, tall, stout, and erect, with a conntenance of fair appearance, and indicative of much personal bravery. He was very stern in his look, but yet not devoid of kindness. He was, or had been, a sea-captain, and in that capacity he had amassed quite a snug little fortune. Edward had, since the death of his father, sailed

for him. But it was not to this that our hero was indebted for his acquaintance with Kate. He had known her from childhood, having been brought up very near her dwelling.

Captain Garland stopped when he noticed his child and her companion, and waited for them to come up. The twilight had so deepened that he could not see the marks upon their faces, but his tone quite plainly indicated that he did not exactly like the aspect of things.

'Ah, Kate," he said, as she came up. have been looking for you."
"Have you, father? I have only been to take

a walk."
"So I suppose. Good evening, Edward. Will

you walk in "No, sir, I thank you," returned our hero, noticing the cold formality of the old captain's

Well, you had better go in. Kate, for the dew is falling, and you may take cold. If you had asked my advice, I should not have advised you to thus expose yourself after what happened

yesterday."
The maiden raised her eyes to her lover's face and faintly smiled, and with this silent adieu she turned and went towards the house. After she had gone, Garland asked our hero some questions concerning the capture of the royal yacht and though Edward told him the whole story yet the old man did not speak so kindly as had been his wont in former times. He seemed not only constrained in his manner, but was really

cool and forbidding. He asked the young man to walk into the house, but the request was not made cordially; and even had it been, Edward would not have gone, for he was in a hurry to return to the bay. Yet he could not but notice Garland's manner, and it made him feel disagree ably, for he had set much by the friendship of the captain; and, aside from his love for the beautiful Kate, he was not willing to lose it As the young man steadily refused to go into

the house, Garland formally bade him good evening, and then the former hastened away towards the spot where he had left his companions. On the way his thoughts were wholly occupied by the love of Kate, and by the manner of her fath er. They were quite opposite in their characterthose two subjects of thought-but our hero man aged to give his love the predominance, and so he held quite a hopeful reverie, from which he was not aroused until he came within sight of the spot where the tapering masts of the yacht were

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### [Written for The Flag of our Union.] ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

No. II.

BY MISS LUCY BRADSHAW.

I think the ladies of Funchal are very handome. They certainly lack that charm of beauty, cultivated intellect; but, with soft olive complexions, dark eyes, and very dark hair, they are often very beautiful. In stature they are rather below the ordinary European and American standard, but they are round in person and oval in feature. You rarely see them abroad in the streets, but when not otherwise engaged within the house, they pass a large share of their time upon the pretty little balconies that add so materially to the beauty of the city houses. dress of those who are properly entitled to the name of ladies is quite European, but the women from the interior of the island, as well as the men, have a wholesome scorn of dress, and wear only just as much as decency requires.

The national religion of the twenty-five thousand inhabitants of the capital is, of course Catholic, but freedom of religious opinion is tol erated, and the laws of the island say, "No one shall be molested on account of his religion, provided he respects that of the state, and does not offend against the public morals." The city affords all ordinary comforts of the table, and a residence here, at ordinary times, is by no mea expensive. The native fruits are abundant cheap, and most delicious, especially the orange which grows here I think in greater perfec than I have ever eaten in the West Indies There are also plenty of apples, peaches, pears, the banana. Our table afforded abundant evi such as ducks, wild pigeons, hares, and a great variety of most delicious fish, including the delicate little sardine, which we are accustomed to see packed in oil in tin boxes from France come regularly once a year in shoals to Madeira, remain a week or so, and then dis-

The command of the island is vested in a lieutenant governor, whose power is almost unlin ited, although an appeal is always allowable from the decisions of the local courts to those of Lisbon. The crown revenues are principally derived from a duty of twenty per cent. upon all imports, except provisions, and the tithes upon each pipe of wine exported. There is also a considerable revenue derived from the govern ment monopoly of tobacco, cards and soap, the aggregate of which is more than sufficient to defray the expenses of the civil and military, as well as ecclesiastical establishments sustained by the home government. The surplus, which frequently amounts to a very handsome sum annu ally, is remitted to the private coffers of the crown of Portugal. There are some three hundred priests and nuns on the island. The former enter openly into mercantile traffic, and the lat ter earn a very good income from the manufact ture of artificial flowers of wax and feathers, which the Europeans gladly purchase to bring away from the island as mementoes.

A small party of us made an excursion to what is termed "The Switzerland of Madeira, amid the grand and astonishing scenery of the interior. It requires no stretch of the imagination to believe that this spot was once the scene of a raging volcano-everything goes to prove this fact. Here, in a deep valley or crater, enclosed on all sides except to the seaward by a wall of magnificent precipices of more than a looked like a toy village as it lay far beneath as

some with Garland, and had done other business | thousand feet in height, the summits and sides of which are broken into every conceivable shape, and beautifully dotted and gemmed with foliage and flowers, while far below shines one of the most beautiful and fertile spots on the face of the globe, rich in every species of vegetation, and yet two thousand feet above the level of the sea. A geographical formation probably unequalled in the world for novelty of situation and loveliness of aspect. And here, as in all parts of this charming island, the temperature fluctuates less than in any other known spot north of the equator, being universally mild and genial, rendering fires quite useless, except for culinary purs. Indeed, in the equanimity of its climate, Madeira is unequalled.

We visited, in a pleasure yacht, the neighbor-

ing islands, which form the group of which Madeira is the principal, there being four others Porto Santo, situated about forty-five miles due east, contains some two thousand inhabitants, and is a very thrifty little island. It is the place where Columbus, afterward the discoverer of a western world, married his wife. He was subsequently a frequent visitor to Porto Santo and Madeira, and we were shown a house in Funchal erable period of time. The other islands of the group are known as the Desertas, situated a little ss than six nautical leagues to the southeast. These are uninhabited by human beings, but are frequently visited by sportsmen, who bring away an abundance of hares, with which they supply the frequenters of the Funchal market. Portuguese steward got us half-a-dozen by means of his ducking gun, and we ate them, cooked in sort of pot pouri, on the passage back.

On approaching the island on our return from the Desertas, we ran up the coast to get a better view of its remarkable natural appearance. The abrupt manner in which it rises out of the sea may be easily imagined from the fact that soundings close in shore give a depth of fifty fathoms. and even the vessels that cast anchor in the roadstead of Funchal " pay out" thirty-five fathoms of cable for their anchors! The cliffs on all sides are very lofty. Eagle's Rock, on the north coast, for instance, rises, a black, cubic-shaped mass of rock, to the height of a thousand feet. To the west of this, Cape Pargo rises four thoufeature which we marked upon the coast was the Punta St. Lorenzo, to the eastward, a ledge of rocks six miles in length by one in breadth. Though this is not so lofty as Cape Pargo, yet it is very singular for its bold projection into the sea and its fantastically broken cliffs and grotesque-shaped peaks.

One of the gentlemen of our party to Porto Santo and the Desertas gave us the romantic version of the discovery of Madeira, and the one generally received by the people of the island. The legend runs that a young Englishman, Robert Machir, in the reign of Edward III., fell in love with the noble lady Anne D'Arfet, and for the prosecution of his suit he was arrested and thrown into prison. But the lady, kind as she was fair, loved the young man, and by her assist ance he succeeded in escaping from confinement They eloped to the sea-coast, where Robert Machir, with a few faithful followers, took a small vessel and set sail for France, where he might marry his lady love and live without dread of interference. With this purpose he set sail from Dover in the year 1344, lang syne

But scarcely had the inexperienced navigators got fairly to sea, when there arose a fearful storm, which drove them before it night and day, and day and night again, until their provisions selves reduced to despair. Finally, after two weeks of wild drifting upon the unknown and boisterous waters, they suddenly beheld the lofty peaks of an island rising before their eyes, and they steered for its shores. They landed about twenty miles to the eastward of Funchal, at a place now known as Machico. Scarcely had Robert Machir and she he loved landed upon the shores, before a storm arose, and the frail vessel that had brought them hither, with all their attendants, was swept away to sea. This boat was picked up by the Moors on the shores of the continent of Europe; and thus news was first conveyed to the Portuguese of the existence of this island. But Robert Machir and Anne D'Arfert died soon after landing, and their bones were discovered by Juan Gonzalez, Prince Hen I have spoken of a most unique mode of con-

opted here, where no wheeled vehicles are used-that of the palanquin. There is still another style-if possible, more peculiar-called cies of nautical sleeping apparatus. A canvass sling in the form and style of a hammock, is suspended by its two extremes from a stout pole, carried on the shoulders of a couple of stout islanders, and is the almost universal mode of transportation, especially for those unable to bear the fatigue of riding the mules or little island horses. It has the recommendation of safety and ease for those who are thus swung. But the pole-bearers have a hard time of it, especially if their burthen happens to be of the Falstaff style! Though I am never sea-sick on the ocean, yet I was quite sick in one of these land-hammocks, and was glad enough to resume once more the side-saddle

This mode of converance I tried on the way to the Church of Our Lady of the Mountain, a famous structure some eighteen handred feet above the city of Funchal, and just back of it, some two miles from the beach. A portion of the ascent is so near the perpendicular as to be unpleasant, if not dangerous, on horseback The road, however, which is fenced in a large portion of the way by stone walls, is lined with agrant flowers, and it requires but little 'exercise of fancy to imagine one's self in a European hot-house, so profuse and artistically arranged are the fragrant heliotropes, roses, geraniums, and an imnumerable variety of sweet and variegated representatives of the kingdom of Flora. The church itself has nothing remarkable about it save its position; from this point we enjoyed an extensive and beautiful prospect. Funchal



[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

BY WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.

a sorrow tune again the silent lyre for one who ne'se can hear its sound whose memory is clustered round ith recollections that my lays inspire

And through the rosy summer-time— When skies, respiendent gild the vault above

And me'er discondant the rich hars Soft flowing as the wave along, Or strains of a scraphic song— A ravishing—delicious symphony!

Rare happiness for one of mortal race Fair representative of man; The clear and silvery current ran. Into eternity's exhaustless space.

By angel-wings enblded—wafted o'er-Impenetrable gloom and shade, Omnipotence sione hath made— Excluding mortals from that golden shore

Exulting and rejoicing ceaselessly?
With golden harp of seraph string;
Exhaustless pleasures ever bring—
The tabernacie resting peacefully.

And ever shining with a glorious ray, On servants of a deepening shade— By endless ages gloomier made, A long eternity will roll away.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ST. VALENTINE'S EVE:

THE BURIED TREASURE.

BY LT: E. CURTISS HINE.

14 Now, hie thee hence," the father said;
14 And when we are on our death-bed laid,
15 O, may our dear ladys, and sweet Saint John,
16 O, may our dear ladys, and sweet Saint John,
17 Eorgive our souls for the deed we have done!"

Lay of the Last Minstre

The ship was lying to under a close reefed main-topsail, and forestorm-staysail, and rolling endously in the heavy sea which had been raised by a severe gale from the northward and westward, which in the winter season sweeps over the bosom, of the Atlantic with terrible violence We had sailed from Havre two weeks before and had made about half the passage to New York, when the gale of which I am writing suddenly burst upon the Normandie, and compelled our captain to heave to, in which position she had now been for three days and nights.

It was dark as a pocket. No moon, no stars to shed a glimmer over the deep; all was gloomy, black, impenetrable. To complete all our cheer-less misery, every now and then a blinding shower of rain would be driven over the vessel, drenching us to the skin, and recalling, only by way of contrast, however, visions of snug parlors where the ruddy fire glowed upon the hearth, and cheerful and happy voices went up as if to scoff at the fury of the night-storm. But there was no snug parlor for us, as we were tossed about upon the billows of that howling wintry

The watch on deck were gathered in a cold and cheerless group beneath the shelter of the to gallant forecastle, and as I listened to the shricking of the midnight blast, and the creaking of the vessel's timbers, a feeling of superstitious gloom crept over me in spite of all my efforts to shake it off. I was seated upon one of the hen-coops at the time, and by some means I found next to me an old Finlander, whose strange physiognomy had often attracted my at-He must have been at least sixtyhead was thinly garnished with a crop of faded flax-colored hair, and his voice had something sepulchral and almost unearthly in its tones, which had often made me shudder, as I heard it rising in the night-watches, above the roaring of the gale. Added to this, many sailors believe that the Finlanders are wizards, and deal in the black art," and that they can raise or allay storm at pleasure, and knowing this, as I did, I felt an unaccountable sort of awe of the man. But on the night to which I have alluded, findknow something of his history, for I felt quite certain that his career must have been a very remarkable one. So I resolved, if possible, to draw him out " a little.

"A stormy night this, Broadland," said I. nestling closer down to the side of the old tar,

It is indeed, youngster. But den dis is noting to wat I had seen. Dis gale last one, two, p'rhaps tree days—den him stop. Some-time I seen him blow ten—twenty days, all

"You must have seen a great deal of the world, Broadland; can't you spin me a yarn to pass away the watch ?"

Not here not here," replied the old man; "de sailors all tink I'm de tuifil, and they don't like hear me talk. S'pose you come wit me under de break ob de poop, I'll tell yan bout my going once to dig up de monish on de Spanish

"But, Broadland, the spray is flying there all the time-we shall get wet through

"Hi, hi! you never make sailor, s'pose you 'fraid wet jacket; hi, hi !"

"Broadland, I'll go with you."

"You not 'feaith, den?"

"Come along, den. I ne harm nobody."

In a moment we were seated apon a large ice chest, lashed beneath the break of the poop, when the old Norseman having taken a huge quid of the Virginia weed from his mouth, and deposited it upon the fife-rail of the mainmast, commenced one of the wildest and most The howling of the night-storm, the dashing of the giant billows, the black, profound, impeneable darkness that reigned around, all conspir-

ed to render the narrative the most deeply interesting that could possibly be imagined. the English of the old tar was not the most pure, with the permission of the reader, I will use my own language instead of that to which I so intently listened on that wild December night.

"I was once," said he, "in the city of Baltimore, where I was adrift, having run away from the Swedish brig which had brought me thither, and which had sailed for home without me while I lay for a whole week concealed beneath a pile of boards, living upon a few crusts of bread, and a jug of water which one of my countrymen had conveyed thither. The co were set to work to find me, the captain having offered a reward for my apprehension, but all their efforts were fruitless, and so, as I said before, the brig was compelled to sail for Sweden, with Well, when my countryman informed me that she was gone, and that there was no further danger, I was not long in finding my way out from beneath that pile of boards, and being without money, I repaired to the wharves, with the intention of obtaining a berth as soon as possible on board some American vessel.

There were a great many ships in port at the time, but somehow or another, the captain didn't like my looks, and didn't care to employ Some said that I was too slight, others that they wanted men who could speak English more fluently, and no one would give me a

"As a matter of course, I was in great distress. I was without funds, and my countryman who had advised me to run away, was as poor al-most as myself, and could not give me any assistance. Day after day I had wandered about the wharves here and there, looking in vain for employment, jostled to and fro by the busy throng, and wondering what was to become

"One morning early, I had crept from a sort of hayloft, where I had passed the night, and, as usual, took my way down to the water side The business of the day had not yet comn and all was comparatively quiet. As I went down towards County Wharf, I suddenly met a great negro, dressed in the very latest fashion, who swaggered along as if his clothes were not large enough to hold him. As he came past me, he suddenly paused, turned half round, eyed me for a few moments in silence, and then addressed me in my native tongue :

" 'What are you tramping about the wharves for in this manner?' asked he; 'why don't you go to work?"

"Because I can't get any work," replied I, opening my eyes wide with astonishment, to hear a negro talk in my own language.

You're a fool,' exclaimed he, 'to say you can't get work, when so many vessels are wanting hands. A young and active sailor like you, ought to obtain a berth anywhere

"I have tried every day since I have been here, and no captain will have me." You mean every day since you came out

from beneath that pile of boards, don't you? "How did you know anything about that?" inquired I, astonished at his question.

"Never mind how I knew it-that is of no consequence to you. You are a young agile sailor-come with me; I guess that I can find you a berth. Where are your clothes?' "All I have are on my back."

Very well, come with me.

"The black turned about and proceeded down to the end of the wharf, closely followed by me, and when he had got there, he pulled a white handkerchief from his pocket, and made a signal to a long, black, clipper brig anchored in the river, which was immediately answered by some one on the quarter deck. In a few moments I saw one of her quarter boats lowered, and being manned by negroes, she was pulled in to the

"Get into the boat,' said the ebony darky to me, and obeying the order, I was quickly se in her stern sheets. The big fellow followed me, and when he had stepped in, the boat was shoved off, and after a few strokes of the oars, was alongside of the brig.

"What was ray astonishment on reaching, the deck, to find that every person on board was black, and that the fellow who had accosted me upon the wharf was the captain of the craft. She was a fine brig of perhaps two hundred tons burthen, and sat upon the water as gracefully as ing myself in such close proximity to the old

Norseman, a wish suddenly came over me to negroes as to where the vessel was bound, but they evidently did not understand my language, and only gazed upon me in stupid amazement, or nodded to each other and burst into a hoarse laugh at my inquisitiveness. So, finding that I had got among a queer set, and that they were not disposed to be communicative, I strolled about the vessel, and contented myself by watching the movements of the crew.

The captain had not spoken to me since I arrived on board, and seemed disposed to keep me at a distance. He however sent me by the mate a lot of warm woolen clothing, and also the shipping articles, which in my then forlors condition I signed my name to without hesitation, though they were written in a language

which I could not understand. "About four o'clock in the afternson, a signal was made from the wharf where I had embarked, and one of our boats was immediately de spatched to the shore. In a few moments, however, she returned, bringing in her stern a singular looking box, which was carefully lifted over the bulwarks of the brig, and placed upon the

quarter deck. "This box was as near as I could judge, about six feet in length, four feet in height, and three in breadth, and was perforated with a number of small holes near one of its ends. Upon its sides were several strong becke. fastened in their places by means of cleats, that were intended to lift it by. The whole appearance of the box excited my enriosity not a little, a. "d I gazed upon it with a sort of fascination fo

" Come aft here, some of ye,' cried the captain, to his negro crew, and take this box down into the cabin. And mind, carry it carefully, or I'll split some of your heads open for you!" y

"This was said in Spanish, a language that I had learned something of during a voyage I had made in a Cadiz vessel a few years before, and I soon found that the same tongue was spoken by all the negro crew.

'Several of the men went aft, and taking up the long box proceeded to convey it to the cab-in. It might have been only my fancy, but I thought I heard a low moan issuing from it, as it disappeared below the top of the comp way, and I listened with all my ears. Nothing farther was heard, however, and a few moment later, the captain came on deck and gave the order to get underweigh immediately

What astonished me, was, that there was no pilot on board to guide the vessel down the bay The captain, however, seemed to know what he was about, and gave his orders with the earnest ness and precision of a first lieutenant of a ves sel of war. All sail was quickly spread, the anchor was weighed, catted and fished, and with a stiff breeze we darted off down the river past Fort McHenry, and so out into the open bay. The crew, now that the vessel was actually

underweigh, began to be more communicative other; and, not being aware that I understood Spanish, conversed freely in that lan guage before me. I soon learned that the vessel was bound to some port of the Spanish Main, and that too upon some wild expedition which even they did not exactly know the nature of, but conjectured that it had something to do with obtaining concealed treasure. All this I listened to most intently; and I determined not to show, by sign or word, that I had understood aught of what had been uttered in my presence. I soon found that there was much curiosity felt as to the reason why I, a white man, had been shipped by the captain; and various were the conjectu hazarded by those negro tars. I myself also began to feel considerable anxiety in regard to the matter; but it was soon to be gratified.

The brig was now leaving Cape Henry far astern, and the open sea was spread before tossing its heavy waves on high, and causing our brig to roll and pitch in fine style. About eight o'clock in the evening the captain sent for me to come to him in the cabin. I accordingly quickly obeyed the summons, and found him sitting on the long box which had been taken in at Baltimore, and which was now lying upon the cabin

" Do you know what I have shipped you for ?' inquired he, abruptly, in my own language, as I

"No sir," replied I, shuddering.

"'I'll tell you, then. For certain reasons I want somebody on board this vessel who cannot peak a word of English, Spanish or French. heard that you were a Finlander, that you had run away from a Swedish vessel, and had been secreted for a week beneath a pile of boards. I knew that when the vessel sailed for home yo would come out and be looking for a berth, and I had been watching your movements. I under-stand your language, and can talk to you, but you do not understand mine, which is the Span-ish, and so you can be useful to me. I want you to stop in the cabin and act as steward, and there may be things said here which I don't care about any one understanding save myself and the person with whom I am conversing. These conversations will be in Spanish, and as my officers and crew all speak the language, I have forbidden any of them to enter this cabin during the pas-sage out, and if they do it, it will be at their

peril!'
"Of course I took good care not to inform him that I could understand his language, and as he knew me to be a Finlander he never had a suspicion of the fact that I had once sailed in a Spanish vessel. A short time after, he informed me that he was going to open the box upon which he was seated, and ordered me to assist him. Having carefully secured the cabin doors and drawn all the curtains, he produced a driver, and told me to go to work and draw the screws. I did so, and worked with much alacrity, for I was curious to ascertain what the box ained, and in a few moments I had accomplished my task. The black captain then re-

moved the lid, and we both looked in. "What was my astonishment on beholding the form of a middle-aged lady who had, been confined in that narrow place lashed down upon s mattress, and with a gag in her mouth! was richly dressed, and her long black hair was dishevelled, as if the persons who had placed her effect their purpose. The negro captain instantly cut the fastenings which had bound her, took the gag from her mouth, and assisted her to rise, and then conducted her to an arm-chair in one corner of the cabin, where she seated herself and covered her face with her hands. Having sat in that way for a few moments, she at length dropped her hand from before her eyes, and steadily regarded the black miscreant for a few Moments in silence. At length, however, she spoke, and it was in the Spanish tongue, as I

"Will you inform me, sir, why such an outrage has been perpetrated on me; why I was seized when in my garden one evening, gagged bound hand and foot, and placed in that box, and then conveyed away?'

You are the lady of a Spanish nobleman who was beheaded by the Carthagenians a short time after that people had declared themselves inde-

" Well, and what of that?" " A short time before his death, he took a large portion of his fortune, which was in gold in two bags, and buried it a little distance from the sea-coast, and about thirty miles from Carthagenia. You were with him at the time he deposited it, and can tell me the exact spot. I am, the commander of this vessel, which belongs to Carthagenia; by accident I ascertained that this large treasure was buried somewhere along the coast, and that you, who escaped the fate of your husband, and was residing in the suburbs of Baltimore, was the only one who knew the exact lo cality. I shipped a crew, but without informing them of the nature of the voyage, went to Baltimor's, made all my arrangements, had you seized and brought on board my vessel, and you

are now upon the high seas bound before a steady breeze to the Spanish Main.

"'And suppose I really do know the spot where my murdered husband secreted his wealth to prevent its passing into the hands of his enemies, and suppose I do not choose to reveal it?'
"'Then I will throw you overboard to the

sharks! You must tell me this instant, or it will be the worse for you!'

" 'I decline.

"'Your blood be on your own head, then! cried the negro in a savage tone, drawing a pistol from his belt and deliberately cocking it.

"'Stop, stop! I'll tell you, providing you'll promise not to harm me, and will return me in safety to my home. But I warn you that the place is guarded by a spell which you cannot

"'O, I'm not superstitious. I will promise, however, all that you desire, so that you tell me

in good faith where the treasure is buried.' I will do so, then. Eleven leagues from Carthagenia, as you sail along the coast, perhaps you have espied ere now a huge tree which looms up from the shore like some warning beacon, solitary and alone.'

" 'Yes, I've remarked it often."

" On the eve of St. Valentine's, when there is a bright moon, a long limb which looks very much like the arm of some sturdy giant, will at an hour before midnight throw a dark shadow One handred and sixty-three feet from the body of the tree, following in the dark line or shadow cast by the limb, the money lies buried ten feet below the surface.'

" 'Lady, I thank you, and you shall receive every kindness at my hands. This is now the night of the first of February, and I can reach the Main by the fourteenth, which will be the eve of St. Valentine's. I will run along the coast until I come to the tree, let go the anchor, take all my crew on shore and measure the distance, and then dig up the treasure."

"'Very well, you can do so; but I warn you that danger will beset your path.'

"The next morning the captain communicated portion of his plans to his officers and erew but he did not inform them that he had a lady on board, what the object of his trip to Baltimor had been, nor where the money was buried. He merely told them that he knew where a large treasure was to be found, and that he should require their assistance, for which he would abundantly repay them.

"In the meantime the Spanish lady was treated with great kindness and courtesy by the captain, who could act the gentleman as well as anybody I ever saw when he tried. Day after day passed away, during which time no one save myself was permitted to enter the cabin. The curtains were kept drawn and the doors closed.

At length the night of the fourteenth of Feb ruary arrived, and as our captain had predicted, we made the land a little to the eastward of Carthagenis, and, running along the coast, with which he seemed well acquainted, about ten o'clock P. M. we came abreast of the tree, when the anchor was let go, and the sails settled down upon the cap, all hands being too eager to reach

the shore to think of furling them. "One of the boats was quickly lowered, and every one of the crew except myself hastily jumped into her. The Spanish lady had intimated in a whisper to me that she wished me to remain behind, and as luck would have it the captain decided that it would be best to leave me on board as ship-keeper until his return. Shovels, spades, pickaxes and other implements, were thrown into the boat, and then the black crew eagerly shoved off and gave way for the As the sound of the oars died away in the distance, the Spanish lady came on deck, and quietly watched the progress of the boat until she saw it strike the beach and the negro crew jump upon the land. Then turning to me, she said, in a quick, nervous voice, but with much of firmness and decision in its tones:

" 'Well, I've got them on the wrong scent, at any rate. The money is not buried near that tree, but beneath another, ten miles farther down the coast. If we were only there now, we might secure it. Is there any way that we can reach the spot before daylight?"

"'Yes, there is,' replied I, seeing that the wind was blowing off the coast; 'I think I can assist you to give those fellows the slip.'

" I instantly ran forward, and, with the assistance of the lady, hoisted up the jib and cut the hemp cable. To brace the yards was less diffi-cult, for they were very light; and as the sails filled with the fresh breeze I ran aft and took the helm, and soon the brig was gliding along the coast at the rate of five knots an hour.

"The negroes on shore were too intent in searching for the supposed buried treasure to notice for some time that their vessel was leaving them behind. When they did discern her, how ever, they set up a terrible shout, and rushed down to the beach to their boat. In their haste, however, to pursue us, they leaped madly into her, and she was quickly swamped, and as the breeze was freshening every moment, it was not long ere we lost sight of them in the distance.

"In the space of two or three hours we were abreast of another tree similar in shape and size to the one at which the negroes had disembarked, and which, the lady informed me, was the spot where her husband's wealth was buried.

"Running as near to the shore as I thought safe, Leut the cat stopper of the only remaining anchor, and soon the brig was swinging head to the wind, which was still blowing off the land. With the assistance of the lady, I lowered down the larboard quarter boat, and, having put into her a pickaxe and shovel, we were quickly pulling for the shore. In a few moments we lauded, and taking our way to the giant tree, the lady pointed out the exact spot where the treasure was buried, and which she distinctly remembered from the fact of its being near a certain root of singular shape and size.

"Perhaps that pickaxe and shovel didn't fly for the next few minutes. But I soon came to the money. It was in gold, and placed in strong canvass bags, and one by one they were rooted out and tossed to the lady, who conveyed them to the boat. Having in this manner secured the

whole amount, we jumped into our little craft, and, pulling on board the brig, quickly transferred our treasure to the cabin.

"The next object was to get away. We could not hoist the sails, but I cut the last cable, and, putting the vessel before the wind, we managed to haul aft the fore sheets, and she walked away from the coast in fine style. Four days after that we were fallen in with by an American ship, the captain of which, on learning how things stood, sent an officer on board with a number of men, to work her into port, and after a fine run of ten days we came to an anchor in the harbor of Baltimore, the place from which we had

"It was a great windfall, the recovery of that treasure by the Spanish lady, and enabled her to do many a deed of charity. She also gave me a handsome present; but, like all sailors, I quickly squandered it, and took to the sea again. As the negro crew, I never heard what became of them, nor do I care, but suppose perhaps they may be hunting for the buried treasure to this I don't think they'll get it, however. Isn't it most eight bells ?

"I think it must be."

"Well, good night. Some other watch I'll tell you something else about myself."

> [Written for The Flag of our Union.] WHERE CAN REST BE FOUND.

> > BY O. C. WHITTLESEY

Where'er I go, where'er I roam, The wreeks of hope are strewn around; O, where may shadows never come, And where—O where can rest be found!

One moment, smiles of gladness bean Upon the current of our days,—
One moment, 'tis a golden dream,
With none to blame, and all to praise.

The next, and scarce a glimmering ray, But all is rugged, chill and black;
The vulture pounces on his prey,
And care speeds thirsty, on our track.

The brighter joy that passes by,
The thicker shed the shades of sor
The more is flushed the evening sky,
The darker is the storm to-morrow

Where'er I go, where'er I roam,
The wrecks of hope are strewn around;
0, where may shadows never come,
And where—0 where can rest be found!

SWALLOWING A HORSE.

Mr. Gardner, in his "Travels in Brazil," confirms the early accounts respecting the size and prodigious swallowing capacity of the boa constrictor—accounts which certain naturalists, whose researches never extended beyond the galleries of a museum, are in the habit of treating with ridicule and unbelief. "The boa," said he, "is not uncommon throughout the whole province of Goges, particularly by the wooded margins of lakes, marshes and streams. Sometimes they attain the enormous length of forty feet; the largest I saw was in this place, but it was not alive. Some weeks before our arrival at Sape, the favorite riding horse of Senor Lagoeira, which had been put out to pasture not far from the house, could not be found, although strict search was made for it all over the hazienda. Shortly after this, one of his vaqueros, in going through the wood by the side of a small river, saw an enormous boa suspended in the fork of a tree which hung over the water; it was dead, but had evidently been floated down alive by a recent flood, and, being in an inert state, it had not been able to extricate itself from the fork before the waters fell. It was draged out to the open country by two horses, and was found to measure thirty-seven feet in length. On opening it, the bones of a horse were found in a broken condition, the head being uninjured. From these circumstances it was conceded that the boa had devoured the horse entire. In all kinds of snakes the capacity for swallowing is prodigious. I have often seen one not thicker than my thumb swallow a frog as large as my fist; and I once killed a rattle-snake, about four feet long, and of no great thickness, which had swallowed not less than three times its own thickness of the other parts. I have also seen a very slender snake that frequents the roofs of houses, swallow an entire bat three times its own thickness of the other parts. I have also seen one thirty-seven feet long, which we wondered at that one thirty-seven feet long should be able to swallow a SWALLOWING A HORSE. Mr. Gardner, in his "Travels in Brazil," con-

### GUTTA PERCHA TRADE.

The history of gutta percha is brief, but not neventful. Previous to 1844, the very name of The history of gutta percha is brief, but not uneventful. Previous to 1844, the very name of gutta percha was nuknown to European commerce. In that year two cwt. of it was shipped experimentally from Singapore. The exportation of gutta percha from that port rose in 1845, to 169 picula, (the picul is 133 1.8 lb s.) in 1846, to 5364; in 1847, to 9296; and in the first seven months of 1848, to 6768 piculs. In the first seven and a half years of the trade, 21,598 piculs of gutta percha, valued at \$274,190 were shipped at Singapore, the whole of which were sent to England, with the exception of 15 piculs to Manritus, 470 to the continent of Europe, and 922 to the United States. But this rapid growth of the new trade conveys only a faint idea of the commotion it created among the native inhabitants of the Indian Archipelago. The jungles of the Johore were the scenes of the earliest gatherings, and they were soon ransacked in every direction by parties of Malays and Chinese, while the indigenous population gave themselves up to the search with a unanimity and zeal only to be equalled by that which made railway jobbers of every man, woman and child in England about the search mite. The knowledge of the article equalled by that which made railway jobbers of every man, woman and child in England about the same time. The knowledge of the article stirring the avidity of the gatherers, gradually spread from Singapore northward as far as Penang, southwest along the coast of Sumatra to Java, eastward to Borneo, where it was found at Brune, Sarawak, and Pontianak on the west coast, at Koti and Passer on the east.—Household Words.

FIRST EFFORTS.—We frequently receive lines with a note stating that they are "the first efforts," and we always read this announcement with a regret for the writer. True poetic inspiration, such as "the blind bard of Chian's rocky isle" possessed, does not need so much effort to bring it out as it does to keep it in. The poetic fire of genius breaks forth with a strong, impulsive power; and if a person be compelled to coax the gentle sisters by extraordinary efforts, he may rest assured that his brow will never be



FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR

\* \* All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to F. GLEASON, Boston, Mass., proprietor of The Flag of our Union, post paid.

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- MILLE.
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  C. M. C. M. C. M. C. M. C. M. C. M. WORTHEN.

  C. M. C. M.

"The old Log Shanty," "To my Mother," "Love Me," "True Christianity," "Mountain Sonery," "Bill Jones," "A Reverse," "Woman's Rights," "Fair Em-ma," "I love him yet," "The Broken Flower," "My Native Land."

#### ACTORS.

In the palmy days of the Greek stage, so long as a reverential feeling was attached to it arising from its connection with the religion of the na tion-for the first dramatic representations of Greece were of religious subjects, as in the revival of the dramatic art in the middle ages the drama first re-appeared in the form of religious mysteries, -so far from any obloquy being attached to the theatrical profession, it was held in good repute. It was only when the Greek stage became entirely disconnected with religion that actors lost caste in society. In Rome the first actors were buffoons, called histriones, who performed in farces; and under the Roman reactors were considered degraded members of society. Thus, when Nero compelled a Roman knight named Laberius to perform on the stage, it was considered as a proof of his disposition to degrade the upper classes. Nero for a while, however, favored the actors. They met with various fortunes under successive emperors, till Trajan seems to have entirely crushed the drama, substituting the combats of gladiators, which spoke poorly for the taste and humanity of the

In England, the first actors were servants of nobles, and we believe that the performers at the royal theatres yet style themselves her majesty's convente. The female parts were per-formed by men or boys until some time after the restoration of Charles II., when females were admitted on the stage; but in Roman Catholic countries the old prejudice against the profession has excluded them from the church. It was reserved for modern times to clevate the histrionic profession to its true rank among the fine arts. A profession which Shakspeare did not disdain to adorn could not remain forever under a cloud. With such examples as Garrick, the friend and companion of Johnson, of Mrs. Siddons, who shed such dignity upon the tragic stage, of Talma, the friend of Napoleon, as pure in his private life as he was illustrious in his career, and a host of others, actors may scorn the Puritanic cant that would treat their profession as disgraceful.

Of the whole public career of Jenny Lind we only regret her abandonment of the stage-the scene of her first triumph, the step by which she mounted to fame and fortune. Another lady, Madame Sontag, after shining in private life with as much lustre as she did in her public career, has returned to it again without a breath of reproach tainting her fair name. The talents required to shine upon the stage are very various; voice, figure, intellect, culture, must combine, to make the actor. All defects are magnified before the footlights. Many persons make a figure at the bar and in the senate chamber, who would utterly fail in even a humble line upon the stage. If it be true that a genius scarcely less inferior to the author is required in a translator who undertakes to transfer thoughts from one language to another, how certain it is that the man who assumes to render the thoughts and conceptions of a dramatic bard, to give his ideas form, color, substance, life, must also share the radiance of his genius!

Something of the same inspiration which filled the soul of Shakspeare must have dawned upon Kemble, Keene, Booth and Cooke; Talma, and Racine, and Rachel, must stand upon the same pedestal.

REAL ESTATE IN WORCESTER .- The Spy says a lot of land near the Common, of 25 acres that ten years ago was sold for \$35 per acre, now cannot be bought for less than \$3600 per acre, or one hundred fold more than the price of

THEATRICAL .- Mr. L. Davenport, the celebrated American actor, has, we learn, just finished a very successful engagement of fifty-nine nights at the "City of London Theatre," the last eighteen of which he played the difficult character of Jack Cade.

RATHER HARD.—They have arrested a number of little girls and boys in New York, who were engaged in sweeping the crossings of the streets, under the pretence that they are vagrants.

ALL RIGHT .- A petition has been presented to the New York Legislature, asking for a law prohibiting the use of tobacco except for medcal purposes.

MONUMENTAL.—The Aldermen of New Orleans have resolved to erect a monument to the memory of Judah Touro.

#### THE BEARD.

We have ever advocated the idea of the wearing of the beard in full, as manly, healthful and be coming. This practice is growing fast in this country, and bids fair to be very universally adopted by the people. In Europe the fashion was never more prevalent than now, and so far has the purpose been carried, that in parts of England anti-razor societies are being formed Even the ladies are now coming into the beard ment. A lady writes to the Ladies' Own, of Edinburgh, as follows: "Dear Mr. Editor if you wish to retain the favor of the ladies, you must advocate the cause of the beard and mous tache, those great ornaments of the male sex.

"Shaving is a modern innovation. Samson wore a beard, and we all know what happened to him after he was deprived of it. The patriarchs, the apostles, Luther, John Knox, and Shakspeare, were all true to nature; and we have all read of Aaron's beard, which was famed for its great length and beauty. The advocates for smooth chins cannot certainly vaunt of the antiquity of shaving, which only dates back to the Norman conquest, whereas the beard worn in its natural state dates back to Adam in Paradise. What would a lioness think of her noble consort were he shorn of his magnificent mane, and what can we think of a man under a similar bereavement? I am a married woman, Mr. Editor, and I have persuaded my husband to cultivate a beard and a moustache. They are both in their infancy yet, and he keeps them covered with a muffler when out of doors, to preserve animal heat, and hasten their growth. But it is his intention, at the commencement of the ensuing year, to remove the muffler, and inurate them to the gaze of the admiring public.

Perhaps, you will ask, what interest has the public in this private matter? I answer, much Does it not show my influence over my husband ? and what I have achieved may be accomplished by other wives, and the beard and the moustache become the fashion."

PAPER-HANGING MANUFACTORY.—The Manchester (N. H.) Messenger states that the only establishment in the world where paper hangings are printed from paper manufactured in the same factory, is to go into operation in that city next month. The main building 200 by fifty feet, five stories high, with an L sixty feet by The lower part is to be devoted to the manufacture of paper, and the upper part to be printing. The company will employ about 175 hands, and will manufacture about two and a half million rolls per year. The raw material for this mill is obtained of the large cotton mills of Manchester, so that the refuse of the one feeds the other.

NEW IRON FERRY BOAT .- The "Trimountain," a new ferry boat of 600 tons, arrived at this port recently from Wilmington, Del. She is Jesse Gould, for the Chelsea Ferry Company, in a very superior manner, at a cost of about \$38,000, and is beautifully fitted up, with taste and elegance. She is about twenty feet longer than the other boats now used on that ferry. The Courier says her builders, Messrs. Harlan & Hollingsworth, have contracts for other iron boats and there is but little doubt that iron will be the material used for the construction of ferry boats

A FEMALE SOLDIER.—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says, that there is now before Congress a petition from Mrs. Elizabeth G. Smith, of Missouri, who, in 1846, under the assumed name of "Ben. Newman, volunteered in the Mexican war, where she served faithfully for ten months, when her sex was discovered and she was discharged from the service Ben" has since married, and now applies for her pay and bounty land. As the law applies to soldiers and not to men, this female soldier may be successful.

OUT OF ALL PROPORTION .- A correspondent of the Salem Gazette, who states that a mad dog in that vicinity recently bit four persons, and several of its own species which it became necessary to kill, says: "Dogs have increased of late, much more than the means of feeding them; while meat and bread-stuffs have advanced in in prices fifty per cent., dogs have increased one hundred per cent.'

WILD PIGEONS .- The innumerable quantities of these birds which have visited this section during the winter, says the Anderson, (S. C.) Gazette, has afforded some rare sport to hunters At a roost a short distance from Pendleton, about 900 were killed during the evening. At Centreville, 700 were killed in the same length of time, and in sundry other places we have heard of three and four hundred having been

NEW YORK SALT .- In Syracuse, N. Y., during the past year, 5,404,453 bushels of salt were manufactured-about four-fifths of which was fine salt. During 1853, 92,491 bushels of Onondaga salt reached tide water, 1,055,723 were re ceived at Buffalo, 2,724,264 at Oswego, and 14,-685 bushels at Whitehall.

SHEEP.-Joseph P. Fairbanks, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., wintered 41 sheep last winter, the wool from which he sold for \$70, and lambs (47 in number) for \$117-total \$187; realizing \$4 75 and a fraction over from each of his 41 sheep. His sheep are a common coarse wooled breed.

SINGULAR .- Mr. Ames, of Jefferson, Me., took from under the snow after the last rain storm, a sheep which had been buried for sever teen days. The sheep is alive and doing well.

LUCKY FELLOW .- Strawberries from Columbus, Ga., have been sent to the editor of the New York Tribune

Low PRICE.—Venison is selling at five cents a pound in Cincinnati.

#### EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

Potatoes are being sold in various parts of New Jersey, at from 37 to 40 cents per bushel.

There are two propellers building in New York for the Mexican government.

A late Paris letter quotes butter at 56 cents per lb., coffee 48, beef 40, and sugar 20 cents.

A revival of religion has taken place among the convicts in the Kentucky penitentiary.

Statistics place Louisville ahead of Cincinnati,

thus far, in the pork business this year. The Ten Hour Labor Law has passed the Kentucky House of Representatives

The citizens of Bath are to have a steamboat

to run from that city to Boston Wm. H. Barbee, a new sculptor, has comenced his career in Richmond, Va.

During the year 1852, the whole number of

essels visiting Mexican ports, was 837. Five men, on an average, are equal in power

It would take 800,000 moons to diffuse over the earth the light of mid-day.

As a general thing, clouds that discharge hail, float the lowest of all the storm-clouds. The people of Plymouth are beginning to

talk about obtaining a supply of pure water. A colored woman in Washington, was recently suffocated by the fumes of charcoal.

Large quantities of liquor are being seized and estroyed in the ports of Maine It is thought that the Ship Hartford from

Liverpool for Mobile, is lost. Over 200 females are employed in the steam anufactory at Nantucket.

Miss Dix, the philanthropist, is now laboring ith zeal in Washington.

Over 17,000 passengers arrived at New York during the month of January. A German Society to encourage immigration,

has been formed in San Francisco The individual who was transported with rap ture has been recalled, leaving rapture behind

Within the last two months, eighty vessels loaded with grain, have been lost at sea. It is said there are twenty-seven tons of coined

silver in the mint at Philadelphia. There are 260 applications for a church living now vacant in England, at £500 a year.

#### THE NEW OPERA HOUSE

The work upon this magnificent structure is going on rapidly from day to day, and the early promise of its originators bids fair to be fully realized. The interior is already being fitted, and scenic artists are at work upon the stage fixtures, scenes, and curtains. The stage is probably one of the best arranged in the country, and is seventy feet deep, the arch being fortyseven feet long, and forty-two feet in height, and upon the whole has been introduced a number of important improvements, the benefits of which are obvious. One novelty is an iron curtain, measuring forty-two by forty-seven feet, which, which advan with serveste the body of the house from the stage, a most valuable safe-guard in case of fire. The whole arrangement gives good evidence of excellence and success.

AMERICAN WINE TRADE.-Within a circle of twenty miles around Cincinnati, there are 1200 acres planted with the vine, 800 acres of which were in bearing this year, and produced an average of 400 gallons of wine to the acre, making an aggregate of 320,000 gallons. Some of the best vineyards yield 600 and 800 gallons to the acre; but others, where the rot prevailed, did not average over 150 gallons per acre. The season has been very favorable, and the crop has been unusually large. The new wine now sells

ADVENTURES FOR JAPAN .- The San Franisco correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, says :- "There is considerable interest manifested here in certain quarters to get out several clipper schooners and other swift crafts, with assorted cargoes of fancy goods, to be sent out to Japan, with a view of entering the harbor of Jeddo at the same, time Commodore Perry enters with his fleet in the spring to receive the answer to the President's letter.

A DARK DAY COMING .- There will be an xtraordinary eclipse of the sun, on the 26th of May next, such a one as none but the oldest inhabitants have witnessed in this vicinity. It will be similar to the great eclipse of 1806, since

A HARD WINTER .- The winter of 1780 was nusually severe in New England. For forty days after the middle of February, there was no perceptible thaw on the southerly side of any ilding, and so deep and hard was the snow that loaded teams passed over walls and fences in any direction.

PRICE OF FUEL IN COLONY TIMES .- In 1662 the price of a cord of oak wood in Massachusetts was one shilling and sixpence. Forty years afterwards, viz., in 1702, a cord of oak wood was worth three shillings, and a cord of walnut wood the favorite fuel, was worth five shillings.

MATERIAL AID FOR TURKEY .- The New York Tribune says a vessel cleared from that port last week for Constantinople, having as a part of her cargo nine hundred and seventy

SEMINARY BURNT .- The Western Theolog ical Seminary, at Alleghany City, Pa., was burned to the ground on Monday evening. Half of the library, which was very valuable, was saved.

DESERVED SENTENCE .- In Connecticut, a man named Lucas has been sentenced to the State Prison for six years, for placing obstructions upon the Middleton Railroad track.

RAILROAD SPIRIT.-There are now six thousand men at work on the Lake Erie, Wabash and St. Louis Railroad.

#### GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,

For the present week embraces the following "The Lady with the Red Dress and Black Eyes," a etch, by Mrs. M. E. Rosinson. "The Circassian's Revenge," a story, by James DE BLE.

'The Little Angel," a sketch, by Caroline A. Soulz.
'The Withholden Present," a story, by Mrs. E. Well ories of Gods and Goddesses," New Series, No. 8,

by Thomas Bulgingon.

"The Muclean's Boath," versos, by PROGRE CAREY.

"The Moonbeam," lines, by HELEG A. PLERCE.

"Winter," Inch by HEREGA R. PLERCE.

"Young and Old," verses, by GERGER K. COOMER.

ILUUSTRATIONS. We give this week an appropriate and seasonable ustration of St. Valentine's Day, a time so interesting

Also, representations of the various systems of tele A view of the Hope Hose Carriage, of Philadelphia.

A representation of Fire Engine No. 38, of New York

comes in the Valley of the Bexar, representing, first, a Mission of Concepcion; second, El Alamo; third, Juan; and fourth, San Jose.

A portrait of Hon. Pierre Soule, our minister to Spain

A large picture, giving a view of Cope & Co's Granite tore, Market Street, Philadelphia.

\*.\* The PICTORIAL is for sale at all the Periodical Depote in the United States, at six cents per copy.

#### foreign Items.

It costs half a million dollars a year to keep St. Peter's Church, at Rome, in repair. The bank-note circulation of Great Britain mounts to \$198,450,000.

amounts to \$195,430,000.

Armaments, by land and sea, are going on more actively than ever throughout France.

Samuel Warren, the author of the Diary of a Physician, and Ten Thousand a Year, is engaged on a life of Sir Astley Cooper.

Madame Bosio has re-appeared at the Grand Opera in Paris as Rosina in the Barber of Seville, and had great success.

The severity of the weather has rendered the wolves very daring in their attacks in France, particularly in the Moselle.

It is estimated by the census tables that the number of men engaged in London alone upon the omnibuses on Sunday, is as many as 6000. There died at Moscow, on the 11th of October, a certain Peter Sosnowsky, aged 122 years, I

month, and 25 days. Emigrants embarked at Limerick during the past year of 1853, for Canada, 5226; United States, 2304. Total, 7530, in forty-five vessels

from that port.

Lord Plunkett, at the advanced age of ninety, died a short time since. He was a weathercocl in politics, and built up a princely fortune an got a peerage by his pliancy. He was twic Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and, since 1841, wa in receipt of a retiring pension of £4000 a year.

The queen is said to be in great grief at her husband's unpopularity. Prince Albert hus been popular. His personal abstinence from all political intrigue and interference made him popular. But he is now charged with having directed the whole of Lord Aberdeen's recent anti-Turkish policy—with being the mere tool of the emperors of Russia and Austria.

### Dewdrops of Wisdom.

A fool cannot look, nor stand, nor walk like a man of sense.—La Bruyere. The character of false wit is that of appearing depend only upon reason.—Vauvenargues.

Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it ash to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.

A service rendered in time, was it even little, can cause a great offence to be forgotten.—
Thucydides.

Though fortune's malice overthrow my state, my mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.—
Shakspeare.

Flattery is often a traffic of mutual meanness there, although both parties intend deception either are deceived.—Colton.

True glory takes root, and even spreads; all alse pretences, like flowers, fall to the ground; or can any counterfeit last long.—Cicero. Our cares are the mothers, not only of our charities and virtues, but of our best joys and most cheering and enduring pleasures.—W. G.

It is possible that a wise and good man may be prevailed on to game; but it is impossible that a professed gamester should be a wise and good man.—Lavater.

Memory, like books which remain a long tim shut up in the dust, needs to be opened from tim to time; it is necessary, so to speak, to open it leaves, that it may be ready in time of need.—

As in a man's life, so in his studies, I think it is the most beautiful and humane thing in the world, so to mingle gravity with pleasure, that the one may not sink into melancholy, nor the other rices in the state.

## Joker's Budget.

The Atheneum wonders that some enterpris-ing American has not effected the passage of the tlantic by relays of sea-serpents.

How to see the teeth of a beautiful young lady.— Praise her rival before her face, and you may de-pend upon it, she will soon show her teeth.— Punch.

A female writer says: "Nothing looks worse on a lady than darned stockings." Allow us to observe that stockings which need darning look much worse than darned ones.

It is said that the Jersey girls and Jersey horses are very unlike—for a wonder! The horses are shy, skittish, and hard to catch; but the girls are tame as kittens, and bold as lions.

Douglas Jerrold says that—"As old mother Eve created the necessity of wearing that useful garment called a shirt by the sons of Adam, therefore it is but rightfor her daughters to wash

An Australian, from the number of murders committed in that auriferous region, thinks Mel-bourne is the place Shakspeare speaks of, when he says, "that bourne from which no traveller

Somebody, in speaking of Alexander Smith, the new poet, said he was a great writer, and would make his mark, which bothered Smellfungus terribly, as he could not see why a great writer should make his mark!

Sam Slick says, "I believe every critter in the world thinks that he's the most entertainin' one in it, and there's no gettin' on anyhow without him. Consait grows as natural as the hair on one's head, but is longer in coming oat."

Johnson says that he dares not buy sausage Johnson says that he darks not buy salesages this freezing weather as all the usual tests of the article fail when they are frozen. He has whist-led, and set his dog barking in sall the sausage shops in town, and not a "link" has squirmed— because they are frozen stiff.

### Quill and Scissors.

The present winter in England, says the New York Times, has been remarkable for two circumstances—the thermometer and Prince Albert have both fallen below zero. There is no knowing what may be the result of these phenomena. John Bull, proverbially unimpressible, is crying out tremendously, as he always does when an impression is made.

As a record of honor upon all sides, it may be stated that the whole of Mr. McKay's insurance upon the Great Republic has been promptly paid by the offices which took risks upon her, amounting to \$235,000, all of them being in New York, except the New England office of Boston.

We learn from the Portland Argus that Mr. Carter, the collector of that port, a few days since seized over two thousand sheep skins, for violation of the revenue lay. They came by the steamer Creole, from St. John, and were consigned to Belfast.

The Petersburg Express chronicles the death of Hannah, a negro woman, owned by a lady in that city, at the advanced age of 128. She died of no particular disease, but sank under the exhaustion incident to extreme old age. She was born in Powhatan County.

The great contract for supplying forty millions of bricks for the Washington aqueduct has been given to W. H. Degges, of Washington City, and Francis H. Smith, of Baltimore, at eight dollars and seventy-five cents a thousand.

Major Hobbie, First Assistant Postmaster General, who has been sick for some time past, has never been so low as telegraphic reports have made him. We learn that he is fast recov-ering his health.

For the first time in a great many years the Mississippi is frozen over opposite Alton. The Missouri is closed hard and tight at St. Charles, and teams have crossed during the past few days

In Farmington, says the Chronicle, Mr. James Dunphy is exhibiting the stuffed skin of a calf raised in Weld, which has two bodies, two heads seven legs, eight feet and three tails—all of which are curiously united.

The ordinary employment of avarice is the mark of a petty mind; and it almost always happens that he who uses it to cover himself in one place uncovers himself in another.

Dr. Newton Fox, one of the oldest and most respectable citizens of Todd county, Ky., was murdered near his residence in Trenton, a few

The City Councils of Philadelphia, purchased six lots for new market houses, at a cost of \$650,000, preparatory to tearing down the sheds in Market street.

Turnips, of any sort, when fed to milch cows, must always have their tops first taken off, as they impart an unpleasant taste to the milk and A Bill for consolidating the city and county of Philadelphia, has passed the Senate of Pennsylvania, unanimously.

Mrs. Landreaux has recovered a verdict of \$20,000 against the New Orleans railroad, in the unit for damages in the death of her husband.

The expenditures of the city of Detroit, on the occasion of the celebration of the opening of the Great Western Railway, were \$4700.

For every dollar that Boston spends upon her city government, she spends a dollar and thirty cents upon her public schools.

Mrs. Whitcomb, the wife of a wealthy and re The enlargement of the Capitol at Washington has already cost \$3,000,000. To complete the original plans, \$1,000,000 more is wanted.

An editor out west offers his entire printing establishment, subscribers, accounts, &c., for a clean shirt and a good meal of victuals.

The Cleveland Gas Co. has donated 2000 bushels of coke to the poor of that city, and appointed a competent person to distribute it.

The Indigo Plant thrives well at the Sandwich Islands, in all moist situations, and grows spontaneously wherever it once gets rooted. The young man who entertained an idea has ent in his bill.

Five hundred dollars were lately paid in England, for one pair of "gray Shanghae" fowls.

A Professor of Chinese is to be admitted to the University of Oxford, England.

An ill-stocked farm can no more be profitable than an empty factory.

### Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Charles M. Clark to Mrs. Nancy Bryant.
By Rev. Mr. Wells, Mr. John McGuaran to Mise Cathrine Kearney.
By Rev. Mr. Dexter. Mr. Avenue. By Rev. Mr. Weilis, Mr. John McGuaran to Miss Catharine Kearney.

By Rev. Mr. Dexter, Mr. William E. Farwell to Miss Martha S. Woodward.

By Rev. Dr. Barrett, Mr. Samuel C. Philips to Miss Fanny E. Cheveer.

By Rev. Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Franklin Hallett to Miss Mary Ann Mahony.

By Rev. Mr. Adams, Mr. Charles W. Brown to Miss Clara Lothrop.

By Rev. Mr. Cobb, Mr. Abljah P. White to Mrs. Sarah Alden.

By Rev. Mr. Cobb, Mr. Abljab P. White to Mrs. Sarah Alden.
By Rev. A. A. Miner, Mr. Henry A. Farrar to Miss Ellzabeth H. Goodwin.
By Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. William Ecosmus D. Smith to
Miss Helen R. Poor.
In Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. William J.
Peirce to Miss Caroline E. Scovey.
In Woburn, by Rev. Mr. Mansters, Mr. James Leslie to
Miss Clara C. Esanse.
In Melrose, Mr. J. F. Howard to Miss E. W. Crawford,
both of Stoncham.

In Melrose, Mr. J. F. Howard to Miss E. W. Crawford, both of Stoneham.
In Salem, by Ker. Mr. Waugh, Mr. Joseph H. Bonsley to Miss Ban M. Locke.
In New Salem, Samuel Brinsley, Esq., to Miss Eunice, daughter of Hos. Samuel Giles.
In Cohasset, by Rev Mr. Osgood, Mr. James H. Bouve to Miss Rebecca A. Fratt.
In Rockport, Mises, by Rev. Mr. Arnold, Mr. Charles H. Miller to Miss Melvins Wheeler.
In New Greans, by Rev. Mr. Walker, Mr. George W. Neutz, of Montreal, Canada, to Miss Laura V. Kendall.

### Deaths.

In this city, Mr. Nathanlel Davis, 77; Mr. Joseph Tilden, 68; Mr. James Le Favor, 28; Mr. Eben Tappan, S8; Miss Sarah H. Sawyer, of Gray, Me., 22; Mrw. Ellia Handley, wife of Mr. Thomas J. Bayley.

At Roxbury, Mrs. Sally Ruggies, 57.

At Derchester, Mr. Lewis Clapp, 62.

At Cheisea, Miss Mary Katon, of Pittston, Me., 28.

At Jamaisc Plain, Mrs. Ablgall Shepherd, 88.

At Lowell, Mr. William Gilmore, 24.

At Foxborough, Noah Hobart, Eq., 57.

At Middleborough, Mrs. Pasience Ryder, 74.

At Plymouth, Mrs. Nancy Segmour, 51; Mrs. Betsey

B. Hider, 31.

At Newburyport, Mrs. Mary Bassett, 73.

n. Hider, 31.

At Newburyport, Mrs. Mary Bassett, 73.

At West Buylston, Mrs. Elizabeth Glasius, 50.

At Sterling, Mr. Eara S. Powers, 33.

At Great Enerington, Mr. Samuel Roseiter, 85.

At Pittsfeld, Mrs. Maris Duley, 22.

At Chester Village, Miss Louisa R. Bartlett, 25.

At Lanesharough, Mr. Mana Manehesser, 82; Mr. David Fuchell, 85.

Vinchell, 83.

Al Nantocket, Mrs. Winffred Coffin, 94.

At Worcester, Mr. Gardiner Palne, 54.

At Ealin River, Mrs. Eunice Wordell, 61.

At Ealinanth, Mrs. Hannah Davis, 76.

At Provincetown, Mrs. Mary Preeman, 50.

At West Tiebury, Miss. Mary Breeman, 50.

At West Tiebury, Miss. Manada Melvina Mayhew, 16.

At Oneway, Miss Sophia Childs, 61.

At Hadley, Mr. Samuel Soymour, 93.

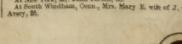
At Fortland, Ms., Mrs. Mary Allen, 49.

At Limprick, Me., Mr. William Glipstrick, 23.

At Kennebunk, Mo., Captain Joseph Hatch, 57.

At New York, Mr. John Forbes, 60.

At South Windham, Conn., Mrs. Mary E. wife of J. Q. 1987, 53.







#### [Written for The Flag of our Union.] PASSIONATE LOVE.

There is a little god with rosy wings, Fat, dimpled checks, sealed eyes, and radiant curis, Armed with sharp arrows, and a silver bow— As the pale planet moves the ocean tides, It moves the crimson tides of life, whose waves Like young linnets in yon trembling nest long have leved thee, but my coward tongue Dare not interpret half my thoughts to the It falters now as rustics do at court, In presence of a proud and haughty queen What deed can I perform to win thy heart? Shall I dispute with cannon on the field, And then return unscathed from their black lips Wert thou an angel, I would gladly die. At once to meet thee in the world to come; But earth is heaven to me, while thou art here-Heaven has no angel I could love so well.

#### THE KING OF THE SEA. A STORY OF THE TENTH CENTURY.

ted from the French for The Flag of our Union.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

CHAPTER I.

"Wor to those who find themselves in the forest when the wolf has been angered," had been the cry of the mother of Roll at the moment when King Harold exiled the latter; and her threat was as it were a funeral prediction for Driven from Norway, Roll assembled a band of those men, "who have never slept under a roof of boards, nor emptied a cup beside a sheltered hearth;" and, proclaimed by them king of the sea, set sail with the intention of making for himself a heritage of the riches of

Most of his companions were, like himself, fugitives from justice, or elder sons whom the law of the kingdom had compelled to emigrate; for every year, according to the author of Rou, the fathers ordered their eldest sons to go in search of habitations to other countries, and to procure estates by force or by love."

All departed, therefore, without possibility return, allured by hope, urged by poverty and sang with one voice on their way westward

"The force of the tempest aids the arms of our rowers; the hurricane is at our service, it drives whither we wish to go."

This was not the first time that the Norwe gians had fallen on the rich countries towar the setting sun. The latter had long known the terrible sound of their trumpets, which were called "the thunders of the North." But the invasion of the son of Roqueval and Holdis, was about to make them forget all others. After having ravaged Scotland, England, and the Netherlands, he invaded France, and remained there. Since Attila, nothing like it had ever been seen among the Gauls. Their towns be came a prey to the flames; their fields were devastated, the monks fled from the monasteries bearing the consecrated relics; and their terror was such, that, according to the expression of a Norman historian, they wrote a century afterwards, the recital of these disasters with hands that still trembled. The Isle of France. Orleans, Gascony, Anjou, Maine, Auvergne, Burgundy were successively sacked by these terrible vikings. After having ascended the rivers in their willow barks covered with leather, they became, from sailors, horsemen, and, if too close ly pursued, made of the corpses of their horses a campart and a ford. The king of France, Charles the Simple, incapable of resisting this avalanche of men, offered to Gandy Roll a province in

fief; but the son of Holdis replied : "I will not be subject to any one; what I conquer belongs to me without reserve

And after he had made of Neustria a desert. he turned against Domnonia.\*

Its jarles in vain essayed to defend it : vanquished in several combats, they finished by ing it, with all the nobility, asylum in the country of Wales.

A single chief defended his estate, this was Even, jarle of the Leonnais. When the provinces around him had become only a battle-field devastated by fire and sword, the Leonnais, guarded by the valor of its chief, heard none of the sounds of combat, and scarcely perceived afar off, the smoke of the conflagrations. It seemed as if a magic circle defended this fortunate country. There still resounded the bells of the monasteries and the songs of the laborers; there quietly pastured along the grassy slopes, herds of black cows, guarded by children

marches (borders) of the county, in the depths the valleys watered by the Elorn, that all was No Norman sail had passed the strait guarded by the white stones (Mein-gau), nor penetrated that long gulf, at the extremity of forests. This canton was governed by the mac tiern Galondeh, whose farm occupied the sumthe Two Murders (Daou-las). His father bad been one of the two hundred companions with whom Gurwan defied the twelve thousand soldiers of Hastings, and the son was not unworthy of his blood; so Even had extended his power over several treves, and united to his domain the forest of Kamfront, which the mactiern was

He had himself superintended the labors all day, and was returning from the forest with his two sons, Fragal and Witur, who were standing on the front of a cart laden with branches, while the father walked beside the team, goad

in hand. The broad wheels imprinted a long trace on the yellowish moss; the oxen, per ceiving that they were returning towards the stable, quickened their pace, uttering at intervals low bellowings, and the pale sun of February stealing through the blackened trees, was illuminating this scene with its last rays.

The cart had reached the outskirts of the forest, when the two brothers perceived before them, on the edge of the thicket, a young boy of about sixteen years, who seemed to be awaiting their arrival. His costume of goat-skin, tall form and blond hair, formed a striking contrast with the woolen garments, short stature and black hair of the mactiern and his sons. The stamp of the races of the North was not less visible with him than the Cambrian origin with the latter. He was leaning on a bow of ash, and bore several arrows at his girdle; before him lay a wild beast stained by blood, and its fore feet bound by a willow with.

The mactiern stopped the team, while the two young Bretons stooped to recognize the animal. "By the cross, it is a she-wolf," exclaimed

'Was it you who killed it?" asked Witur,

'I did not seek it," modestly observed the oung boy, "for I was hunting for the table of the mactiern; but the animal was hungry, it

'And you were able to avoid it," said Ga-

"I pierced it with three arrows," replied And-

grim, touching with his foot the animal's side.

It was a she-wolf of the largest species, with yellowish teeth and gray skin. The blood still pozed drop by drop from its wounds; its pendant tongue was covered with a viscous foam. and its eyes, turned in the last convulsions of the death-agony, showed only a white and sight-

The mactiern, who had examined the wound with the interest of a hunter, moved the head, and turning towards Fragal and Witur, said in

"I have two sons, the youngest of whom is a year older than Andgrim, and neither of them could launch three arrows with a hand so firm and so sure

The brothers reddened, but with different ex-

"Our father and lord will excuse us," said Witur, in an altered accent, "if we are less skilful than the demons of the North in combating at a distance; we defy them foot to foot and breast to breast.

"For myself," added Fragal, ironically, "what I admire is not the address of the Saxon in managing the bow, but that he has not hesitated to use it with so much resolution against

The mactiern smiled involuntarily. The boldness of the wolves multiplied by the depopula-tion of Domnonia, had indeed caused to be given to them the name of a race resembling them in ferocity; but Andgrim appeared not to relish the pleasantry of the young Breton, and his eye

"Fragal is mistaken," said he, looking fixedly at the son of Galondeh; "the arm which struck was a Norman, the wolf was a Breton."

"Then you killed it by surprise or by treason," returned Witur, angrily.

"No," replied Andgrim, with an air of cold disdain; "I killed it when it fled like the men of Domnonia at the combat of Havre-Noir

This allusion to a bloody defeat experienced some years before by the Bretons, made the blood rush to the faces of the two brothers, and Witur, exasperated, hastily stretched out his hand toward the hatchet suspended before the cart; but the mactiern interfered.

"Since the Saxon speaks of the Havre-Noir, he remembers the Havre-des-Cailloux (Abervrach)," said he, tranquilly; " for if, in the first place, the blood of our men flowed like the dew, in the second, the blood of his countrymen gush-

"And he himself," added Fragal, "owed life only to your pity.

Yes," replied Galondeh; "when I took him from the midst of the wounded, I hoped that his young ears might hear the holy words of the priests; but one does wrong to attempt to tame the young of the wild boar."

Andgrim did not reply; the intervention of the mactiern had produced on him the same effect as the word of a master on an angry dog, and he let the cart pass on.

What Galondeh had just said was the truth Found after the battle, the child had been con ducted to the Armorican farm, where he had at first lived ferocious and apart, until another child of his age had conquered his savage humor this was Aourken, a poor orphan, found in the edge of the forest by the mactiern, who had adopted her. Commissioned to guide to the fallow grounds the herds of oxen, cows and heifers, she had grown up in the heaths with no other companions but the sky and the ocean but solitude, which sours the corrupt, softens the and, like a dog, whom sadness invites, she came to place herself at his feet, with her eyes tenderceived her; the two forsaken children c comprehend each other; compassion had attract-

ed the orphan, gratitude attached the prisoner. Meanwhile the cart had arrived before the Breton ker (farm-house). The place which served as a court of entrance, and about the middle of which it had just stopped, presented at this moment, a spectacle singularly animated. The servants were arriving from the fields, and were received by the young girls with whom they exchanged a thousand sallies mingled with bursts of laughter. Ploughs are there, with upturned shares, mares accompanied by frolics colts, and flocks of sheep guarded by a red dog with collar garnished with steel points.

The mactiern east around him that rapid look of a master who allows nothing to escape him, and asked for Aourken. She had not yet appeared. Such tardiness, in any one else, would have caused little surprise; but the punctuality

of the young orphan had passed into a proverb at Kermelen, and during the eight years in which Galondeh had confided to her a flock to watch and defend, this was the first time she had returned so long after the appointed hour. The sun had, in fact, almost entirely disappeared behind the hills; huge shadows were extending towards the shores, and the night wind which was rising from the ocean, wafted to the manor

Galondeh was about to have ascended a declivity which overlooked the bay, when a heavy tread seemed suddenly to shake the hill. He quickly recognized the sound produced by the lowings, at first confused, then more distinct, louder, and bursting forth in full strength Almost at the same instant, the oxen and cows appeared at the top of the hill, fleeing with terwas the black bull on which Aourken was half

All rushed confusedly into the yard, with heads down, and lashing the air with their tails as if in anger. The affrighted servants sprang over walk which bounded the en while Galondeh and his sons seized the black

At sight of them, Aourken uttered a screen and suffered herself to slide to the ground. Her features agitated with a convulsive trembling bloody lines traced by the thorns on her naked feet, bore testimony at once to the violence of stood for an instant breathless at the feet of the mactiern; at last the voice of the latter seemed to restore her to herself. After having cast on every side a frightened glance, she raised herself on her knees, put aside with her two hands the tresses which covered her face, and exclaimed in a hoarse voice

"I have seen him, master, I have seen him." "Who, poor innocent?" asked Galondeh

"The animal-the demon-I know not what to call it. It must have been a sea-dragon-or perhaps the great enemy

"But where did you see him? What has

'This, master; I was on the beach where I was assembling the herd to return, when I suddenly perceived on the sea, something coming towards me; it was as long as the house, round like a cask, and its head, which came out of the waves, resembled that of a ram. About the middle of the dragon rose a mountain whence issued the roll of thunder. There was shove it a red wing like the sail of a ship, and beneath, twelve green claws which served as fins." You are very sure of this ?"

"Sure, very sure, master. But as I saw more clearly, I became more afraid. I sprang on the bull. Then the animal passed close to the shore; there was a whistling which frightened Tervdu; he fled towards the ker with all the

ak, and brought me on his back.' Exclamations of surprise and terror arose or every side. Strange as was the recital of Aourtimes when ferocious beasts, transformed by the popular imagination into dragons, had ravaged the fields of Domnonia. The men began to look around them with uneasiness, and the wome to flee towards the house.

At this moment, a long and powerful blast of a trumpet resounded amid the shadows of ever ing, echoed along the coasts, and died against the walls of the manor

All the inhabitants of the ker started. "That is not the cry of a dragon," said the

"Nor the horn of the shepherds of the bay,"

"Listen," interrupted a strong and breathless Galondeh turned and perceived Andgrim.

He was standing at a few paces distance, the bleeding wolf on one shoulder, the bow pressed against his breast, and his ear inclined towards the sea with palpitating eagerne

There was a long silence. Every head was bent like that of the young Norman; at last, a second appeal resounded, more powerful and more prolonged. It passed above Kermelen and was lost afar in the heaths.

"Thou knowest the sound of that horn?" exclaimed Galondeh, who was looking at him.

"Yes, mactiern," said the boy.

"It is 'the thunder of the North,'"

### CHAPTER II.

The care which the Normans seemed to take to announce their arrival, was too contrary to and suspicion of the mactiern. So, after the first moment of confusion, he hastened to give ker. He afterwards placed himself at the head of some armed servants, in order to reconnoitre the enemy whose horn had now ceased to be

The little band directed itself silently towards it from view, and by the heath which stifled the sound of footsteps. At its head, marched Galondeh with his sons; behind the latter came Aourken and Andgrim. The orphan had followed the mactiern by inspiration, as the dog follows the master whom he loves, and the young Norman had been drawn on, without being aware of it, solely because his place seemed to be beside the young shepherdess

The little company quickly reached a point of the hill which gave a view of the entire bay. The decision of the mactiern had been so sudden, and so promptly executed, that the sun had not entirely disappeared when he arrived with his were still reddening the waves, and lingering or the beach. Every eye rapidly glanced over the sinnosities of the shore, then rested on an object of singular form which floated beside the nearest reefs. At first sight, Galondeh recognized the pretended monster described by Aourken. It was a ship which had just lowered its mainsail, and revealed clearly all its details Andgrim pointed them out to the orphan, who had stopped, overcome, not by what she saw, but by the remembrance of what she thought she

"Aourken sees now that her dragon is guided by sailors," said he, in an under tone. "What she has taken for the head of the monster is but a carved prow; the twelve fins are twelve green oars, and those groanings which frighten came from the leather roof which rises beside the mast; let her listen, she will hear again the voice of the Camerette.

A dull murmur, mingled with irregular whistlings, rose indeed, at intervals, from this s lar ship. The Camerette, as Andgrim had called it, was in the Northern marine, a grotesque exception, borrowed, if we may believe its nar from the African seas. On the rounded leathern roof which gave it the aspect of a short sea-serpent, rose a double eminence pierced with ob-lique openings through which the breeze penetrated a labyrinth of folds whence it issued with a thousand reverberations. Singular ap paratus which was a substitute on the waves for the sound of cymbals or of clarions, and which paved the way for victory by striking in advance, terror into the hearts of the enemy

As we have said, the ship was lying at anchor near the rocks. The oars had been withdrawn and only a few rowers could be perceived couch

The mactiern knew not what to think of this abandonment, when it was explained to him by the appearance of a company of Normans, climb ing the hill. At sight of them, his comps bent their bows; but Galondeh hastily raised his hand, and murmured

"An infant!" Such is the respect of the Bretons for the feeble being newly born to life, that even the national hatred remained for an instant suspend All had indeed just perceived, at the head of the troop, a woman richly clad, carrying in her arms a nursling, whose plaintive cries be trayed its sufferings. Beside her marched a man of tall stature, armed with one of those clubs with steel points, known under the nam of the stars of the morning, but in whose attitude and looks there was nothing hostile. He frequently turned towards the weeping mother whom he attempted to soothe by gentle words, then looked around him with anxious impatience.

As he had nearly reached the summit of the hill, the thicket of furze which had until then covered their march, suddenly ceased, and he found himself in the presence of the mactiern

There was on both sides a cry, followed by a hasty movement; the two companies recoiled and prepared their arms; but the Norman chief arrested his by a gesture, stepped towards the Bretons, lowering his club, and hastily addressed

Andgrim who had approached, uttered an exclamation of joy on hearing those well-known

"Do you understand him?" asked the mac-"It is the language of Westfold," replied the

young man with delight. "And what does he say ?" "He informs the mactiern," replied the young

man, "that he and his people have landed here as guests, and not as enemies

Tell him that we have no places at our firesides for visitors like him," replied Galondeh, hastily; "and if he advances farther, we will receive him as the bulls receive the wolves

Andgrim had not time to translate this last reply of Galondeh. The young mother had followed their rapid dialogue with breathless anxiety; although she could not comprehend the interlocutors, the tone of the Breton chief led her to guess a refusal. She at first changed countenance; then, by one of those unfor impulses on which women only have the cour age to act, she raised her son with a despairing cry, ran to Galondeh and laid him at his feet

There was among the Bretons a general movement of surprise; the mactiern himself seemed to hesitate as to what he ought to do but the young shepherdess, who had seen all from the rear ranks whether she had been repulsed at the approach of the enemy, has broke through those around her, ran to the child

with emotion, loudly recalled her

"Let the child be, Aourken," exclaimed he; "let it be, on your head! This is another strat agem of the vikings. Keep your pity for the sons of Armor, and do not waste it on the child

'She does not deserve such a name." interrupted the orphan, pointing to the young mother who was stooping towards her son, "for she wears on her head the cross of the Christian

The mactiern looked at the stranger, and made a gesture of surpris "It is true," said he, "and even her costum

is not that of the women of the North.' "She was not born there," observed Andgrim, who had continued to converse with the Norman chief. "Popa is the daughter of the

lord of Bayeux." "Count Berenger!" exclaimed Galondeh he is not unknown to me. We have often met formerly at the dwelling of the Count de Poher, where we hunted with the same dogs slept under the same covering, and communed

whether the viking has told the truth." He lowered his sword, advanced towards the stranger, and addressed her in the language of

The young woman who had started at the first word, clasped her hands.

"Ah, you can understand me," exclaimed she, may the mother of God be blessed. You will not repulse my prayers." " Is it indeed the daughter of the lord of Ba-

yeux, whom I find in the ranks of the Pagans ?" resumed the mactiern.

The eyes of the stranger filled with tears. "Alas, the weak cannot choose her place," said she, sadly. "The men of the North came with the tide upon our shores; they killed all the warriors whom they met, then seized our horses of labor to make them coursers of war. One morning, when we were without fear, we saw suddenly appear in the horizon, a cloud of flame and a cloud of dust. The cloud of flame was conflagration, the cloud of dust, the Nor-

"And did no one attempt a defence?" "The bravest servants of my father did so; I also was about to perish, when Gaunga saved

"To make of you his slave?" "His companion, his wife, mactiern; for he has always been kind to me; he loves me, he is the father of this child."

And thus reminded of the object of her anxiety, she took the nursling from the arms of

"See," continued she, moistening with tears the marble cheeks of her son, "he suffers, he is dying-all the charms of the Scaldes have failed against the malady, which is killing him; but a fisherman of the bay taken this morning by the Camerette, has spoken of miracles accompl at the Abbey of Grand Val, and Gaunga has consented to try the prayers of the priests of Christ. It is they of whom we are going in search, mactiern. If you have ever loved, you will not deprive us of this last hope, and will leave the road free.'

"I could grant this favor to the daughter of a Christian nobleman and friend," replied Galondeh, "but the valiant Even has confided to me this estate to defend; I should be his buckler: and who can answer for the future when the sword of the enemy has passed between the

"You fear some snare," exclaimed Popa; cause our steps to be followed, take host mpose your conditions; but do it quickly, for the child suffers, and Gaunga is irritated at the delay. Do not compel him to cleave for himself a path with the hatchet."

The mactiern did not need this warning to comprehend the dangers of a struggle against men whom the habit of success structed more formidable. Experience had moderated in him the rashness of youth, and given him the tran-quil courage which neither fears nor seeks the combat. The visit of the king of the sea to the Grand Val, was, besides without peril, for nothing could tempt the avarice of the child of the Anses with the humble monks, who, according to the chroniclers of the times "celebrated the holy office in blocks of granite, and drank the blood of Christ in chalices of beech-wood. Wishing only to prevent all disorders and quarrels, Galondeh exacted that the soldiers should return on board the Camerette, where they should remain guarded by Breton sentinels. conditions were immediately fulfilled, and the with Popa and a few companions.

When they arrived there, night had closed in, and the humble monastery appeared to them by the starlight. It was not a single edifice, solidly built of stones, but a collection of cabins con-structed of the trees of the forest and the turf of the valley. On the clay ridges of the thatched roofs, rose wooden crosses, to which were suspended the flowery crowns of the last summer chapel, as humble, but more vast, and covered with ivy and honeysuckles; finally, the fields cultivated by the monks occupied the declivity of the hill, while lower down extended some meadows framed with tufts of alder or silvery

The company, guided by the mactiern, cleared the enclosure of interwoven branches which de fended the monks against the attacks of wild beasts, and found themselves at last at the er trance of the second encampm

most diligent, all the cabins were lighted, and resounded with the noise of labor. One heard the grinding of the hand-mills which were bruising the corn; the blows of the hammer foreing the iron; the creaking of the saw preparing the wood; the clashing of the looms which were weaving the flax, mingled with the fleece of sheep. But amid all these sounds, the voices of the were repeating a grave and sweet chant, which seemed the harmonious expression of all those ed by labor, under the inspiration of Christ

The Bretons, who, on passing the enclos had slackened their pace, uncovered and signed themselves; as for the Normans, they seemed less touched than surprised. The king of the ea cast his glances upon the clearing in the midst of which were grouped the cabins of the monks, as if he sought some visible sign of the power he had come to invoke; but he perceived only cells of turf, gardens destitute of trees, interspersed with hives then ahandoned, and two rown cows peacefully ruminating beside a

"Is it indeed here," asked be, "that the great magician dwells, who restores health to the

'It is here," replied the mactiern, to whom Andgrim had translated the question of the

Does he live then so poorly?" resumed Gaunga; "and what then does his science bring

The consolation of those who suffer. The Norman did not reply; he was reflecting

Galondeh passed the first cabins without stop ping, and reached one more ancient than the

rest; it was that of Mark. Arrived in this wild place, he had builtit without assistance and with his own hands. Afterwards, when the reputation of his sancity had attracted around him numerous discides who had constructed other larger cabins, his own had remained, such as inexperience and solation had allowed him to build. But if ne fissured walls suffered the rain and wind to enter; if the hurdle of broom which served as a door hung balf broken; if the roof began to give

way, crushed by the snows of winter, a wall-flower always in blossom crowned it with its golden tufts. The inhabitants of the territory of Ternok, as well as those of the neighboring tracts, related that the Virgin Mary had sown the blessed plant with her own hand, and the monks themselves bowed before the marvellous

Galondeh was about to direct himself towards the door of the cabin, when a low growl made him recoil; a wolf lying across the threshold had just raised his slender head, and his red eyes shone in the shadow. Gaunga hastily raised his club armed with points; but the mactiern

made a sign to him to fear nothing.
"You see here one of the miracles of Mark," said he. "A dog accompanied him in his walks and guarded him. One night, the wolf which you ee there attacked him with so much rage, that the holy abbe found them both on the next m ing on the threshold of the cabin, lying in their blood. The dog was dead, and the wolf dying. The monks would have finished him—Mark

"He has killed my guardian," said he; henceforth he shall take his place."

Then, himself bearing the wolf to his cell, he healed his wounds and tamed him so completely that the wild beast has become a faithful

The wolf had, in fact, recoiled against the wall, and was defending, growling, the entrance to the cabin; but Mark, who had heard the steps of his visitors, suddenly appeared on the threshold, and recognized Galondeh.

"Peace, Master Guilhon," \* said he, gently, making a sign to the wolf, which he instantly obeyed; "do you not see that these are Chris-

"Not all, holy abbe," replied the mactiern; for the sea has brought us one of the demons of the North, with his suite; but this time he es as a suppliant, and not as an enemy."

He then caused Popa and her son to approach, and explained the motive of their Mark, who heard all patiently. Although he was still young, his countenance had the impos-ing placidity of old age; one perceived there the habit of that authority which derives its force from within, and which makes itself accepted, not as a yoke, but as a protection. Clad in the brown robe of the monks, which was confined around the waist by a cord, he wore a long beard, and his feet were shod with woolen sandals fastened by thongs of wolf-skin. At his girdle hung a beech-wood cup and a bell, the only luggage of these solitaries in their long excursions through the distant woods or the wild heaths. On his breast hung a little cross of boxwood, the symbol of his abbatial dignity.

After having attentively examined the child, he turned towards the mother a glance sad and gentle. The young woman who was waiting with despairing anxiety, fell on her knees.

"Ah, save him, holy abbe!" exclaimed she; "and Gaunga will give the Abbey of Grand Val gold enough to change the turf clods of its into stones hewn with the chisel." Mark bent his shoulders with an air of tender

"God only can dispose of our days," said he;

"it is he whom you should ask and promise."
"Well, what does he demand?" replied Popa, with tears; "speak in his name, holy abbe all shall be easy to us."

"Let the Crucified heal Will," added the viking, "and Will shall adore him."

"Then thou wilt suffer him to renounce thy gods ?" asked Mark.

"If thine is more powerful," replied the Norman. "In the valhalla as on the earth, the weaker must yield to the stronger."

Do you consent that your son shall be bap-

"Why not? Many of my Koempes have worn the white robe three times without having suffered any damage from it."

"And who will you choose for his respon-

dents before the Trinity?' "Point out thyself the bravest man and the

The saint cast a glance around him.

"Let Galondeh and Aourken accept then the charge of the innocent," said he; "and conduct him to the fountain of Mary."

At these words, he advanced towards a bell suspended to the tree which overshadowed the chapel, and swung it three times, pronouncing the names of the three persons in the Trinity tles, then three times more for the three virtue necessary to salvation.

As soon as the first ring was heard, all sounds of labor ceased; the monks who had appeared on the thresholds of the cabins, passed one by one before the abbe, bowing, and went to kneel before the altar of the chapel.

The latter, formed of three roughly hewn stones, revealed, by its defaced appearance and its construction, the Gaulois dolmens which still covered the heaths of Domnonia. Its only ornaments were a hempen cloth, a missal on yellow parchment rulely written, and two earth en cups containing the water and wine destined to the consecration. It rested against an old oak, whose immense shadow covered, without, the entire chapel, and whose hollowed trunk served, within, as a tabernacle for the sacred vases, and a rustic niche for the statue of Mary. The holy image, half hid in the ivy, and scarce ly lighted by a lamp of tallow, showed distinctly only its brow crowned with stars. At its feet were deposited the various offerings which bore testimony to the superstitious faith of these Christians, scarcely emerged from idolatry; the hair of infants saved from death; branches of vervain gathered in the first days of the moon; bouquets of green ears plucked before the har vest: honey-comb from the first hive. One saw there even serpent's eggs, precious talismans, formerly sold by the priests of the idols for twelve times their weight in gold. On the altar was the miraculous cradle which restored children to

Gaunga had remained without the threshold

Name given in Brittany to the wolf and to the devil.

with his companions, while Popa had followed the mactiern and the young shepherdess to the

entrance of the sanctuary.

They stopped there before a rude stone, on which were placed a shell of salt, a vase containing the consecrated oil, and a cup of ash destined to dip the baptismal water. A living spring flowed at the foot of this primitive baptistery After having waited there some time, they at last saw the holy abbe appear. He was clad in the sacerdotal robes, and held in his hand a phial of glass which contained a powerful remedy ex tracted from the plants of the valley, and prepared under a consecrated wafer. He advance ed, lighted by two torches borne by novices and commenced in a low voice, the holy cere-mony. The circumstances, the hour and the place gave to this scene a sombre solemnity, by which the Normans themselves were struck. the midst of the obscurity of the chanel, the bap tistery alone appeared to them illuminated, and revealed the monk whose gestures and words seemed to invoke some invisible power. After having performed the preliminary Christian took the glass phial, approached it to the lips of the child and made it drink the liquor which it contained. All the monks were pros trate on the ground with their hands cla above their forcheads. Mark beckoned to Popa and himself conducting her before the altar showed her at the feet of the virgin, the cradle garnished with moss, in which he invited her to deposit her child. At the same instant, all the monks rose and chanted some stanzas of Latin composed by the Abbe of Grand Val; they were a simple recital of the prodigies accomplish ed by the virgin of the oak. Although the daughter of the Count de Be-

renger was a Christian, nothing like this had ever struck her ears or her eyes. Accustomed to the proud opulence of the prelates of Neustria she was impressed with the grandeur of this faith, this indigence and this humility. She clasped her hands with unlimited confidence raising her eyes towards Mark, awaited the heal ing of her son.

The saint, who had remained in prayer at the foot of the altar, rose at last, and, at a sign, all the monks regained their cells of foliage. He himself, after a last benediction pronounced over the child, and some recommendations made to Popa, rejoined Galondeh, with whom he advanced towards the door of the chapel where the Normans still stood

"The mother and son will remain here under the guardianship of the queen of the afflicted," said he to Gaunga; "thou canst accompany the mactiern to the ker, and to-morrow Aour ken will go to inform you what God has willed.

"I will wait here," replied the king of the sea 'even the wild beast remains near her little ones, when death threatens them."

Mark thought it useless to combat the resolution of the Norman, and Galondeh contented himself with leaving at the entrance of the pali-sade, some men, to watch him and his compan-

For a long time, like his brethren, he had lived by force and boldness, without seeking anything beyond himself; but years had insensibly imporerished this interior vitality; he felt the need of another self. His affections had changed their object; his fears were no longer the same. Instead of seeing himself in a dream, standing on the stern of a drakar with iron beak, the ferocious viking beheld himself in a stone dwelling, beside a cradle garnished with furs and suspended by cords of gold. His ear, hardened to the roaring of the waves, the cries of war, and the clashing of arms, was troubled by the feeblest sighs of Will; he yielded to the slightest caprices of the child, shared in his sports, forgot whole hours with this frail creature on whom rested hence forth all his projects for the future, and all his

When the mactiern had departed, he stepped over the threshold of the chapel, and looked to-wards the sanctuary. Popa and Aourken were still at prayer beside the miraculous couch of moss; but the plaints of the child had ceased The king of the sea, a little re-assured, spread out before the door the bear-skin which served him as a mantle, and slept there, with his head resting on his buckler.

### CHAPTER III.

The next morning the summits of the hills en Kermelen and the sea, were in the rising sun; luminous clouds were hover ing in the atmosphere whence the breeze was sweeping the mists. The dew, sparkling in the earliest sunbeams, seemed to envelop the heath in a net work of pearls, and the wrens were singing on the tufts of evergreen furze.

Meanwhile, amid these pictures, there we which effaced all others; this was Popa, holding in her arms her son, well and smiling. The prayers and remedy of Mark had nearly wrought miracle, and, after a night of sleep, the child had been taken from the miraculous cradle like one risen from the tomb

The Normans, guided by the mactiern and the Abbe of Grand Val, were returning with him to the Camerette, when the young mother, fatigned, stopped an instant on the heath. She seated herself on the ground, contemplating the restored child with that plenitude of joy which deprives one of speech. Gaunga stood at a few paces distance, his hands clasped beneath his The wrinkles of his sunburnt face were relaxed, his lips smiled within his grayish beard, and, with his brow inclined towards the mother and child, he seemed to be absorbed in

Meanwhile, after a contemplation of some minutes, he raised his head, drawing a full breath, and cast a kindly glance around him, as f he wished to associate his happiness with surrounding objects. The hour had come for the renewal of labor; all was animation in the valleys and on the hills. One saw pass carts drawn by oxen, at the poles of which rose the short ance and the buckler of ash; troops of mare with their colts under the guard of boys armed

who were whirling slings; in fine, the laborers bore on their shoulders the instruments of cul-ture, and at their girdles a long knife for de-fence. Here and there groups of women were on their way to the heaths, sickle in hand, or directing their steps with songs towards the douis of the valley

Along the hills, formerly comprised within the forests of Ternok, lay cleared lands where re-cently ploughed furrows contained the nourishment of the approaching year, while lower down appeared orchards of wild apple-trees, which were to furnish eider. Here and there, on the tops of some old trees reserved from the primi tive forest, appeared little platforms, on which stood watchmen, and at the summit of every hill rose piles of rushes prepared for the bencon-fires

The king of the sea took in at a glance this union of fruitful labor and prudent precauti He had before him the finest spectacle which human activity could present—toil beguiled by the pleasures of the fireside and placed under the safeguard of courage! For the first time he comprehended the manly enjoyments of a life anchored in the family and employed in creating

for all plenty and repose.

Softened by the joy of finding himself once more a father, he felt his soul open to unknown ensations and desires. The cries of summons to the laborers, the bleating of the flocks, the songs of the women along the foot-paths, formed a sort of powerful and sweet harmony which flowed from his ear to his heart; the air of peace and abor seemed pleasant to breathe.

His glances roved enchanted from the wife and child at his feet, to the cultivated country; then from the country to his wife and child, and an involuntary association seemed to connect these two pictures; the rest made him desire the tree which alone could shelter it; the tree made him think of the rest.

Without divining all that was passing in the mind of the viking, the mactiern perceived the favorable impression produced on him by a sight

of the ker, at the moment of its awakening.
"The king of the sea sees that we are equally prepared to profit by peace, and to support war," said he, with a certain pride; "here every ear which germinates has an arrow to defend it."

"But you must sow, then," observed Gaunga, replying less to the words of the Breton than to the objections of his own mind; "one must prepare the harvest and wait for it, while our words find it ready ripened."

What has it hitherto profited the vikings?" asked the monk; "are you happier, more tranquil? Your royalty resembles that of the bird of prey, which is master of the heavens only on condition that it rests nowhere.

"The domain of a viking is his vessel," replied Gaunga.

"But is not this domain lorded over by the winds and the waves?" resumed Mark; " poorest of our hired servants has a roof of thatch beneath which he sleeps; and you, king of the sea, had not yesterday a place in which to lay the head of your child.'

The Norman did not reply; his eyes rested on Will, who was sporting in the arms of his mother, then on the ker, whose rosy tiles were spark-

"Yes," replied he, after an instant of silence, as if giving voice to his thoughts unawares, "that is what my young brother Tirollan said. When we summoned to us the most valiant vik ings, he called only the most robust laborers and now, peaceable king of Sida, he doubtless fertilizes the isle of Iceland, for labor smiles up-

on him as danger upon us."
"Labor is hard only for the slave," said Galondeh; "does the bird complain of prepa the couch where she is to sleep with her little ones? Every furrow that I open in the ground, is as a spring from which plenty flows for me and mine; it is something added to my authority, to my joy. These fields that I have rendered fertile, are henceforth a part of myself; my race will germinate as long on this earth as the oaks I have planted. Can the viking say as much? Where will he attach his name? What will he leave to his children?"

"What the eagle leaves its young," replied Gaunga; "wings to go in search of their prey, and claws to seize it.'

"Why not rather bequeath to them a coun-y?" objected Mark. "Can they not become try ?" objected Mark. the brethren of those whom they slay? The king of the Franks has offered Neustria to Roll, why should he not accept it for himself and you? Are you not weary of this vagabond existence do you not hear an inward voice summoning

you to their destinies?" 'I know not," said Gaunga, pensively "when I slept this night before the house of your God. I dreamed a dream that Snorro cannot interpret; but if the Crucified is all-powerful, he may conceal nothing from his priests, and you may be able to explain it."

"After your departure, I stretched myself upon my mantle, and slept; at first, soundly; but light came in the midst of darkness; my spirit opened its eyes, and I had a vision.

" Speak !"

"It seemed to me that I found myself on a lofty mountain illuminated by the rising sun, and that my limbs were covered with a hideous leprosy; but before me presented itself a fountain, whose warm and limpid waters made all the impurities of my body disappear, so that I suddenly felt myself strengthened and rejuven ated. Then I looked around me, and perceived thousands of birds bathing like myself in the purifying waters, and, recognizing that they would comprehend my words, I ordered them not to quit the mountain; so that they began to build their nests among the bushes, and in the crevices of the rocks. Almost at the same instant I awoke."\*

"And it was God himself who had spoken to you," exclaimed the monk. "Why has not the king of the sea comprehended the parable pre-sented to him under the appearance of a dream? This luminous mountain was the church enlight ened by the Sun of Truth, the leprosy with

\* This dream is related by all the historians of the

which the viking found himself covered, the idolatry with which his soul is yet sullied, the purifying fountain, the baptismal waters, and the birds building their nests, his own companions, who, after having like himself been converted, will establish their dwellings in the midst

This explanation was so spontaneous, so clear, and pronounced with such an accent of convic tion, that Gaunga could not suppress a cry of astonishment. For these rude conquerors, whom their fortunes rendered masters of the present, the science of the future was necessarily the sovereign science. It was, besides, one of those periods of the world's twilight when confused facts imperfectly seen permitted of un bounded enthusiasm and credulity. Then the shadow of every body was a phantom, the shadow of every idea a vision. One might be, with the same sincerity, a believer and a prophet. The unhoped-for cure of the child had already excited the imagination of the Norman; the spectacle that struck his eyes had just opened to his mind a thousand novel perspectives; the prophecy of the monk revealed to him, so to speak, his own inspirations joined with the authority of a divine warning! So he remained struck with a sort of wonder, that had not yet passed away, when a murmur arose at the de-clivity of the hill. It rapidly approached, increased, and burst forth into tumultuous cries.

The mactiern hastened to learn the cause, but he had no need to ask it. At the moment he reached the summit of the hill his eyes rested on the sea, and he stood transfixed with terror.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The fog that had until then veiled the waves had just dispersed, and, as far as the eye could reach, one perceived only Norman vessels, whose brazen prows shone in the sun, and on whose masts appeared the black raven with expanded

The smallness of the bay had compelled them to break their usual order, and, instead of advancing in a line, they formed three distinct

fleets separated by short intervals.

That which led the van, to sound the passes, was composed only of hulks with decks at each extremity, and whose middle part, covered with a simple leather sail, was destined to the booty

In the second rank came the clas grouped three by three, in order to offer more resistance in combat, and at whose masts swung the staf nliars, a species of battering-ram with which they struck the enemy's vessels. They were led by the *trene* of the sca-king Torfeas.

Finally, the last fleet comprised the Snekars, with forty oars, at the head of which might be distinguished the admiral's drakar, whose sides garnished with iron, were surmounted by a double row of gilt bucklers, destined to protect the rothras. At the stern, and at the prow, ornamented with a double beak, rose embattled cas tles, that were filled with soldiers skillful in throwing arrows and vases of ashes on powdered lime. On its leathern sail had been drawn, in gold and azure, the principal expeditions of the son of Holdis.

Galondeh recognized this sail celebrated by so many ruins.

"God preserve us!" exclaimed he, "it is Roll, the pirate, who has arrived."

"No," said Popa, "for he arrived yesterday, mactiern; he is beside you."

"What! the king of the sea whom I have

"Is the son of Holdis himself; but the Bretons of Domnonia have henceforth nothing to fear from him; they may remain with confiden

Meanwhile Gaunga, or Gang-Roll, had given orders to two of his companions, who had descended towards the bay. The ships had just landed. They saw the vikings rush on shore with a tumult that was not threatening, and very soon the hill was covered with Normans, whose arms gleamed in the sun, and among whom were heard the harps of the Scaldes. When all were assembled on the declivity of the hill, Gaunga, who had until then remained immoveable, and in an attitude of meditation, raised his head. He cast his eyes on the crowd that surrounded him, raised his hand, and all were silent.

"Let my Koempes open their ears," said he, in a powerful voice, "for I hold to-day in my hands, for each of them, a double destiny, and I am about to ask them to choose

'The son of Holdis, they know, is not a man without experience. Since his breath has made the marine horn resound, his country has been floating wood; he has emptied his cup upon every sea; but he who is wise does not recommence knocked down and despatched, the man of Westford sits beside his fireside drinking mead. Who shall prevent as from following his example? The sea moss has made heavy the sides of our drakars; like ourselves, they demand repose on the shore; Roll has sought long enough a shelter for his old age; he wishes at last to stop and choose a country.

Here he was interrupted by a rumor of surprise; the casques of the vikings were agitated, like the tree-tops at the first breath of the tempest; a thousand clamors and a thousand questions were interchanged, but all had the same object, and demanded the name of this country.

'You know it," resumed Roll; "it is a noble land, watered by more streams than your body has veins to give it life. There, as in Iceland, butter and milk flow from every blade of grass; the white corn bends its head covered with ears, and the sea, our ancestress, chants at the foot of the cliffs. Such is the kingdom that the prince of the Franks abandons to us, and where each viking will henceforth have an immutable domain."

The voices of the Normans again arrested him; but this time, more tumultuous; all burst forth in noisy exclamations of thanks, or of blame, of vexation, or of joy. Some called Gaunga-Roll their king and their father, others exclaimed, that after having commenced better than Harold, he would end worse than he

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE.]

#### [Written for The Flag of our Union.] THE FAITHLESS LOVER.

BY MES. SARAH E. DAWES.

I'm very sad, I'm very sad, Wouldst know the reason why; I've just now heard my lover had One sweetheart more than I. I thought he was so very true-

Or whether she is short, or tall, Or if her hair is red; Or whether raven tresses fall. In clusters round her head. I warrant she is very fair,

A giddy, trifling flirt; The plenty beaux like him to spare, And make her daily sport. He said to me last time he came Dear Mary, I am thine; And ere another moon shall wane This hand shall wed with mine.

Well, let him go, I will not sigh, Or shed one bitter tear;
Nor, like a love-lora damsel die,
For one I loved no dear.
But here he comes with smiling face,
I don't believe 'tis true; And speaks with such a winning grace Dear Charles, I'll still trust

#### WILD RACE OF A LOCOMOTIVE.

In a late number of the Cincinnati Commercial, we find an account of a somewhat singular collis ion on the Miami road, at Milford. The engine

we find an account of a somewhat singular collision on the Mismi road, at Milford. The engine of a freight train ran into the rear car of a passenger train, which was standing still at the depot. The Commercial says:

"When Mr. Watt, engineer of the mail train, heard the crash of the collision, he supposed his own train would be driven over him, and, with his assistants, sprang off. The furnace had just been crammed with wood, and there was a full head of steam on. The force of the blow uncoupled the locomotive and tender from the bagage car, at the same instant jerking the lever and throwing the throttle valee wide open! Away sped the locomotive like an arrow, or, if we might so say, like a fat of Omnipotence, sweeping down the track at seventy miles an hour! God help any hapless train met or overtaken—help the city, but fourteen miles below, for that distance will be devoured in fifteen minutes!

The escaped engine came howling by Plain-ville—visible for an instant to the appalled villagers—switched off into the double track, as lightning from one steel rod to another divergent, and thundered on to the city whose spires might now have been seen from the iron disc of this fiery comet—but there was none to see, for rider, or driver, or living human soul, had the engine none. On, straight on, to the city! the city!

Haply the farnace door fiew open, the draught ceased, and a little way above the upper engine house, on a heavy up-grade, the locomotive's breath was spent; it came to a dead stand, and stood there silent and cold, forming as much a part of the still wintery landscape as the whitened rock and shrouded trees on the hillside above."

Walterpa.

Voltaire, in his history of Charles XII, says: Mazeppa was a Polish nobleman, born in the Palatiniate of Podolia. He was educated as a page to Jean Casimere, at whose court he acquired some knowledge of the Belles Lettres. An intrigue which he had with the wife of a Polish Palatine having been discovered, the husband had him tied naked-on a wild horse, which was then let loose. The horse, who came from Ukraine, went back thither, carrying with him Mazeppa, half dead from hunger and fatigue. Some peasants took care of him; he remained with them a long time and distinguished himself in several excursions against the Tartars. His superior information made him highly respected amongst the Cossacks; and his fame, which was daily increasing, induced the Casar to create him a Prince of the Ukraine. Such is the historical fact which furnished Lord Byron with the subject of his poem with this title.—N. Y. Mirror.

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WHOLESALE AGENTS.

BY GRORGE H. COOMER

A beauteous thing is childhood's sleep. Thou doest well, O gentle love,
Thus, thus to guard thy nestling dove;
He ne'er will be—such hope is vain—
So purely beautiful again.

His breath is sweet as is the breath Of flowers, where never wintry death Made sear the sunny, southern fields, Whose bloom eternal fragrance yields Around his mouth, in dimples sweet.

The artless eyes, but late so bright, Are shaded now in gentle night; Yet 'neath each lid a line of blue Is faintly, dimly gleaming through Each motion of the dimpled hand;

Queen Mab, who haunts the great with fears, Hath many a toy for childhood's ye And while her glance beholds with joy The flaxen-haired and beauteous boy, lefore his eager eyes she moves Such scenes as best he knows and loves Till fancies sweet his heart receive More tender than the April leaves

He dreameth not of gain or loss, But fairy form of rocking horse That many a playful antic know One tiny hand his rattle holds:

Dim not the light in those blue eyes; A light that hath not long to shine. A glory whilom yours and mine.
But think, the world is rude and rough,
The future hour hath ills enough; And damp thou not with stern control Ere May-time passeth from his soul.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

#### AN EVEN HORSE TRADE.

#### SHOWING HOW MUCH MR. BROWN MADE

BY THE YOUNG 'UN

Some BODY has affirmed (probably with malice aforethought) that the genuine horse-jockey-one who lives in and by his "pro fession," exclusively-is most merciless in his operations; that he will, instinctively or intuitively, cheat his very grandmother, in a "trade."

It may be so. I remember one of the genu. referred to, who was notorious, in New Hampshire, in his day, for the propensity described, and who was a "hard one" in all the ramifications of horse-traffic.

TIM BROWN, I say, was well known through the Granite State as a particularly difficult customer in this line; and his more immediate neighbors always avoided him-when purchasing a horse-for they were pretty certain of being skinned, if they dealt with him. However, one of them, an honest worthy wheelwright near him wouldn't listen to the caution that was volunteered him, but in his credulity and self-honesty bought a horse of Brown, for eighty dollars, and paid for him. The beast was worthless-and ten days subsequently, the good-hearted, innocent echanic was glad to sell the animal for fifteen dollars! This man's name was Becket. He was of a "serious turn of mind," rather, and harbored no ill will toward Mr. Brown, who thus over-reached him with a ring-boned pelter that had "seen his best days," full a dozen years before either Tim Brown or Mr. Becket had made his acquaintance. Mr. Becket forgave Brown -said nothing-and twelve months passed

A year afterwards, or thereabouts, Mr. Becket was in his little wheelwright's shop, alone, one morning, when the door opened and a thin look ing man entered, seeking employment. He said his name was Greene. He came from Vermont had got out of money, hadn't had any breakfast, and could find nothing to do. His funds had all e, he was willing to do anything for an hor est living, but had no particular "calling" or trade to fall back on, in his emergency.

Mr. Becket pitied the stranger, at first, and then carried him into his house, where he provided him with a good breakfast.

'And now," said the wheelwright, "I have no work for you here, but as you seem to be an

honest meaning man, I will try your talent." "You may trust me," said the grateful stranger

"and I'll give you a good account of my doings."
"Very well," added Becket. "Here's an old carriage I've been fixing up. I can't sell it here, and you may take it out of town, and trade it off. Return me seventy-five dollars for it-or a horse, or yoke of oxen; do your best. Here's five dollars for your expenses, meantime; see

what you can do. With many thanks and more good resolutions, Mr. Greene left town, with Mr. Becket's old horse and carryall.

"He may never come back," argued the wheelwright, "but I'll risk it. He looks like a wellmeaning man." And with this remark, he turned

On the morning of the fourth day afterwards Mr. Becket was startled from his customary pro priety by the sudden halting of a splendid bay before his workshop door, and a brief "halloo, there!" from the lungs of his rider. He stepped out and recognized Mr. Greene with unaffected astonishment.

"Well, what now ?" he inquired.

"I've come back," said Greene. "So I see," responded Becket. "But whose

horse have you, there ?" Well, I s'pose it's yourn," continued the man he had befriended. And without more words, a moved the animal up and down the road.

He was a beautiful creature, truly! Fine head, delicate ear, open nostril, arched neck, in capital condition, with clean limbs, showy mane and tail, and splendid gait.

"Ah!" said the wheelwright, when his agent briefly informed him that he had traded off the old team for this magnificent looking beast, and

"Ah, Mr. Green, there is something wrong here. You've been imposed upon. Without doubt, this horse was stolen by the party you bought him of. Can't be otherwise."

'Guess not," said Greene.

"Sixteen hands high, by Jove!" exclaimed the wheelwright, delighted at the prospect. "Not over seven years old" (looking in his mouth), "good feet—very good. Well, Mr. Greene, you may put him in the stable."

Mr. Becket's fears were groundless. trade had been made upon honor! The horse was the lawful property of the person with whom Greene had exchanged.

"He's worth—that horse is worth two hundred dollars," insisted Becket, cautiously.

"So'he is," replied Greene.

"And the fifty dollars boot," chimed in the gratified wheelwright.

Yes," continued Greene.

"A capital trade—capital," concluded Becket. The next morning, while the noble animal was being admired by the two friends, Greene turned him towards the barn (from the drinkingtank), when the horse stumbled head foremost against the side of the door. A second effort brought the brute hard up against the other side of the entrance, when upon examination, he was found to be totally and irredeemably sightless 'Blind as a bat !" exclaimed Greene, thought

fully.
"My luck, precisely," added Becket, more in sorrow than in anger. And the "splendid steed'

was led into his stall, again. "That's a bad egg, sir," returned Greene

But a thought-a reminiscence-an idea, pop ped suddenly into Mr. Becket's cranium. ing down the road, some distance, he said to his new-made acquaintance :

"I have it! Do you see the tavern-post, you der? On the right.'

"Yes, yes."

"That house is kept by Timothy Brown. year ago, he sold me a horse; put the saddle on your beast here, and drive him down there."

Yes," continued Greene.

"Pass the tavern, and return. Put his best foot foremost, you know.'

"See somebody there, Mr. Brown, if you can. All I ask is that you trade this horse with him. Go on !"

Greene was a Yankee, and seemed to take this brief advice very kindly; and soon afterwards the blind nag moved gracefully past the hotel, with Greene in the saddle.

Mr. Brown, the experienced jockey, saw the new-comer from his window. When he came back, he hailed Mr. Greene, without ceremony "A good looker, you have there, friend," ob-

served Brown. "Is he for sale ?" "No, no," said Greene, indifferently. "Just givin' him a little airin', that's all."

Brown examined the horse, all over, and offered to give the stranger a good chance for a

"There's a man, a friend of mine," urged Mr. Brown, "in the stable here, who would give you a smart chance at a dicker, if you've a mind, And Mr. Greene reluctantly turned his horse's

head into the yard, where Brown's "foreman, who was posted up in such matters, stood ready to take his employer's cue.
"Wal," said Greene, "wot do you want to

dew? I can't stop long, for Billy 'll get cold,

"I'll swap horses with you," suggested the Your nag'll match one we've got here, edzackly; and we'll give you a good trade.'

"I don't want to talk about nothin' in the hoss responded Greene, "less you've got a I know what I've got, and I don't part with Billy, easy-whoa !" he shouted. At this instant he quietly drove the rowel into his flank, and "Billy," as he called him, began to dance and prance beautifully.

After considerable parley, during which Greene had declared that his nag had no fault, whatever, and just as Brown thought his foreman had concluded to exchange with him for one of the very best animals in his stable, of a different color only, Mr. Becket, the wheelwright, entered the vard, without recognizing his agent, however,

just in time. Come, leave it to Mr. Becket to de cide what the difference shall be. Come, Becket, you know a horse as well as the next man," continued Brown; "you've traded horses some, in your time, certain.

'Yes, I bought a horse once," said Becket.

Well, never mind. What do you say, now There's Charley, our best roadster. You know him. Good for three-ten, any day; only seven, coming May; sound as a new dollar; gets up well: fast, square trotter; ten hundred, surehow shall they trade?" "Any warranty?" asked Becket, of Greene

"Don't want any," said Brown, quickly. "I know a horse, I 'spose—that is, I cal'late I do we pretend to know horses, we do; eh, Emer son?" said the tavern keeper, winking to his foreman.

"I should say we did;" remarked Emerson. "Well, Brown, suppose he gives the man fifty to boot.

Rather hard on him, Becket-say even." "No you don't," added Greene. "The man's about right. I should say seventy-five. Give me your horse and fifty dollars, and we trade-

Drive him in," said Emerson

The horses were exchanged, Greene took his fifty dollars, and mounting "Charley" (one of the best animals ever known in the town), was soon out of sight. Mr. Brown and his foreman were highly delighted with this trade, while Greene and Becket had no occasion to be fault finders.

Mr. Becket presented his friend with the fifty dollars, for his shrewdness—and immediately sold "Charley" for two hundred round dollars. Within four-and-twenty hours, Emerson and

Brown ascertained that their magnificent steed was as blind as poor Bartimeus!

"Becket," exclaimed Brown, as soon as he could find the wheelwright, after the discovery, "Becket, did you know that scamp ?"

What scamp ?" "The fellow who sold us the horse."

"He's as blind as a lamprey eel !"

"Who? The man?"

"No, the horse!" "Show—you don't say so !" exclaimed Becket." Yes — sucked, awful! And between our

selves, Becket, not to go no further," contithe ancient jockey, confidentially, "'twixt you and me, that was my horse that Emerson swapped away, 'Charley.' I refused two hundred for him, last week! But it was a fair trade."

Well, Brown," responded Becket, slowly, 'this is queer, to be sure!"

" How, queer ?" "Why, that very blind horse that you've got

belonged to me !" "The dev- !"

"No, the horse," said Becket, again, interrupting the jockey. "You remember you sold me a horse a year ago, or more ?"
"Look here, Becket, the man said he hadn't

"Well, I suppose he considers this affliction a misfortune rather than a fault," replied the wheel-

Sold, completely!" insisted Brown. " Sold! Well, Becket, you say nothing about this, and I wont. It's an even thing. I haint made a great

heap out on't, you see, so don't peach."

They parted, though Becket couldn't resist the temptation to tell the story as I give it. But the man who can now sell Tim Brown a blind horse, must get up at a very early hour in the morning, if I am not mistaken!

#### [Written for The Flag of our Union.] A WINTER EVENING.

Darkly the shades of a winter night Are gathering fast around,
And the chilling wind goes rushing by
With a sullen and murmuring sound
And not a star in the vaulted sky,
With its glimmering light is seen,
Peoping out like a smiling face,

But all is cheerful and bright within. Though the rude wind rushes by. d a merry group all smiling sit, Beside the warm, bright hearth While the silvery sounding laughter tells, How plainly of joy and mirth.

sant indeed is a night like this When free from the raging atorm, With a happy heart, and a conscience light, We sit by the fireside warm. us then, with grateful hearts give praise Him who our lot hath cast In a home of happiness and peace, Secure from the wintry blast.

slated from the French for The Flag of our Union. THE KING OF THE SEA.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

### [CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 55.]

Roll replied, his voice rising above the rest: "Let not the vikings cry all at once, like the sea-birds after the tempest; Gaunga-Roll imposes his will on no one; but if there are those among you who remember the roofs beneath which they were born, the fields where they have kept the flocks, the firesides where the young girls taught them the songs of their ances those I offer houses of stone, meadows, flocks, and wives who shall be the mothers of their children! As for the vikings, whom the genius of Griffon\* summons over the green waters, the road is free before them : Torfeas awaits them on the shore; he has raised the anchors of his trane and turned his prow towards the ocean; let them depart in his suite, while those who have hing more to seek on the path of the swans

bury their arms like myself." Gaunga had, in fact, drawn his sword, the point of which he buried in the ground. There was at first among the vikings a sort of hesita tion; their glances were cast alternately towards the vessels of Torfeas, which were making their preparations for departure, and towards the Armorican ker; but the pictures of order, of joy, and of plenty, which the latter presented, pre vailed in the eyes of the greater number. Gaunga went besides from one to the other, encour aging, promising, ordering according to the ter or the importance of the interlocutor For him the part of suzerain lord was already commencing. But his words were readily listened to. Most of his Koempes came to plant their swords beside his own, and, at the en tion of an hour, the summit of the hill sparkled beneath the harvest of steel.

Mark, overwhelmed with pious joy, had knelt, and was thanking God fervently for this change.

"Uncover thy brow," said he, to the mactiern; "the Trinity has had pity on men; the sorrows of the father have softened the heart of the Pagan; now he believes, he loves, he hopes; the spirit of God is in him! Beside es these swords buried in the heath. I think I see a mother who has found again her son,-a son who will not have to deplore the loss of his father, a widow who will keep her husband. In interring war, Roll has just interred the seven

Meanwhile those of the vikings who had separated themselves from Gang-Roll to continue to plough the seas, had just quitted their anchorage. At the head of a little squadron, compos-\* A celebrated ship-builder, whose spirit presided over the adventurous expeditions of the Normans. ed only of thirty ships, advanced the trane of Torfeas, moved by forty rowers who struck the waves in cadence. The king of the sea ran on the oars in motion, and threw, to the height of the mast, javelins which he seized again as they fell. A young man standing at the prow, was following him admiringly with his eyes.

'On my soul! I am not mistaken!" exclaimed Galondeh; "it is Andgrim who is fleeing with the demon of the North.

"He has been unable to resist the appeals of liberty," observed Mark.

'So I am not surprised that he has wished to fly," replied the mactiern; "but how has he been able to abandon the little shepherdess?"

The astonishment of the Breton chief was not without cause; divided between attachment to his race, the power of the past, the hope of independence and the image of Aourken alone, the young captive had hesitated for a long time; but Aourken was absent, and the other attrac tions were growing irresistible. He approached the ship without knowing what he should do; the order to push off was given, and he sprang instinctively on the trane which set sail.

But Aourken suddenly perceived him, uttered a cry, and ran towards the edge of the promontory. The idea of a voluntary separation could not occur to her; she believed that the vikings were carrying off Andgrim by force, and began to supplicate them in the Norse language, that tter had taught her.

The ship, that had not yet caught the breeze, was gliding gently alongside the reefs, and she followed it, running on the cliff, separated from it only by a narrow space. Her voice, interrupted by her race, resounded over the waves in supplicating and weeping tone; she appealed by turns to the gods of the North, whom Andgrim had taught her to know, and all the saints of the Christian paradise. She wrung her hands, followed prayers by reproaches, and reproaches by

The young Norman could not hear her, but it sufficed to see in order to comprehend the error of Aourken and her despair. He became pale, seemed to hesitate, and leaned involuntarily over the side of the trane. The latter had just reached the point of the cliff; the topsail swelled before the wind, and the prow began to furrow the waves as it receded from the shore.

Aourken, who had reached the extremity of the height, fell on her knees and stretched out her clasped hands towards the sea! Andurim saw the gesture; his soul received from it a final shock. Springing on the bronze head of the dragon, that ornamented the trane, he looked towards the shore and thought he saw there, beside Aourken, all the memories of the three last years extending their arms towards him. The wild pride that inflated his heart suddenly gave way, his eyes filled with tears; he responded by a cry to the cry of the young girl, and, springing at one bound into the middle of the waves, swam towards the foot of the promontory, where Aourken received him in her arms

The Abbe of Grand Val, who had followed all the movements of this scene with visible interest, then turned towards Galondeh.

"Behold the symbol of the future," said he pointing to Aourken and Andgrim, who advance ed, holding each other by the hand; "the Pagans are detained and softened by the love of the Christians, and of two races of enemies God will make a single race. Let the sea bear away with its foam the vicious, the wicked and the inensate; must there not be clouds of dust and chaff in the finest harvest? But the good grain remains, and it is this that is to germinate in the

Then going to Gang-Roll, who was surrounded by the Norman chiefs, the monk spoke to him more on what the God of the Christians had already done for him, and what he would still do. Aided by Popa, who served as an interpreter, he rapidly developed the principles of the Christian religion. His voice was sweet though elevated, his brow, crowned with serenity, seemed radiant. The vikings listened with downcast heads. When he paused, there was a long silence in the crowd; their hearts were open, and their minds seeking to understand At last Gang-Roll looked at the saint with an expression of respect that none of his Koempes had yet seen on his countenance, and, stretching out his hand, as if for an oath, said

"Our ears have heard, man of God, and our souls have comprehended. In a year I promise to put on the white robe of baptis what I give to your abbey as a pledge of my

He drew off the golden circlet that he w on his left arm, and threw it at the feet of Mark The principal vikings, influenced by his exam ple, repeated the same promise, giving the same pledges, and when he had finished, the bracelets formed a pile higher than the forehead of the monk by a Frank sword.

Some hours afterwards, the ships set sail. They pushed off at first slowly, and with a certain confusion. The rothras uttered joyous cries, the decks were covered with Koempes, who were emptying their horns of mead, and the orders of the pilots mingled in the air.

But suddenly the royal drakar glided like an immense sea serpent between the triple line of vessels, and came to take its place at their head. Instead of the standard of the dragon, that of the lamb now floated on the left, and, at the top of the mast, instead of the symbolic raven. which, with wings extended, and open beak, seemed formerly about to dart on its prey, rose now the figure of a plough.

At the moment when the drakar passed the cape on which the Bretons were assembled, a ray of the setting sun illuminated her entirely Near the stern, a man was standing unarmed. with his right hand resting on the shoulder of a woman who was cradling in her arms an infant It was Gang-Roll, the demon of Westford, wending his way towards Neustria, with Will and Popa, to found there, under the name of Rollo,\* the duchy of Normandy.

#### Jester's Picnic.

Babies at a Premium.—At the next state fair, in Augusta, Ga., southern babies are to be admitted as competitors for premiums. The babies must be between six months and two years old. The following is the list of premiums:—First premium—Silver pitcher, \$50, for the handsomest and finest babe two years old.

Second premium—Silver pitcher, \$25, for the handsomest and finest babe one year old.

Third premium—Silver goldet, \$10, for the handsomest and finest babe six months old.

The children are to be clothed in the domestic fabrics.

The society is for the encouragement of home

A sailor being about to sail for India, a citizen asked him where his father died. "In a shipwreck." "And where did your graudfather die?" "As he was fishing, a storm arose, and he, with his companions, perished." "And your great-grandfather?" "He also perished from shipwreck." "Then if I were you I would never go to sea." "Pray, Mr. Philosopher, where did your father die?" "My father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, died in bed." "Then if I were you," retorted the son of Neptune, "I would never go to bed."

Results of Chinese naval engagements are important. At the last fight, six tons of powder were burnt, two hundred gongs and brass kettles badly beaten, a very great smoke created, resulting in a very bad smell; ninety-one pig-tails hopelessly unravelled, four hundred and sixty-two celestials awfully frightened, and nobody hurt. A tremendous victory was claimed on both sides, and the reports of the battle—printed in vermillion ink, upon yellow silk—were ceremoniously deposited in the imperial archives. Awful people, these Mongolians.

A curious and novel plea was recently employed by a tailor before the bankruptcy court of Calcutta. He stated that his failure was caused by his heavy losses "during the casualties of the Affghan, Chinese, and Panjaub wars. In the battle of Moodkee alone, customers of the bankrapt owing upward of three hundred theusand rupees, were killed; and by the battle of Ferozeshah and Sobraon, fifty thousand rupees were lost in the same way." Moral—officers ought to pay their tailor's bills, before going into battle.

Two boys belonging to the chaplains of two Two boys belonging to the chaplains of twe different men-of-war, entertained each other with an account of their respective manners of living. "How often, Jack," says one of them, "do you go to prayers?" "We only pray," replied Jack, "when we are afraid of a storm, or are going to fight." "Ay," said the former, "there's some sense in that, but my master makes us go to prayers when there's no more occasion for it than for me to jump into the sea."

A man who had given himself up to the dec-trines of the great dietist, Graham, was once dis-covered voraciously putting out of night a large

beefsteak.

"Why," said his friend in surprise, "I thought you lived on vegesable diet!"

"So I do," choked out the carnivorous aximal; "so I do—is not all flesh grass?"

A serious practical joke was played at the expense of the public during the Lord-Lieutenant's visit to Ballinasloe. Some one climbed into the gas-works and turned off the main cock, involving the whole town in total darkness. The greatest consternation prevailed in the hotels until the affair was rectified. A friend of ours, who is blest with a belpmeet

of rather romantic disposition, and one who pre-fers reading novels to darning stockings, on being asked if he did not feel some disappointment in his choice, answered, no, that she was still his idol (idle) wife. Whatever may be the utility and convenience of the penny receipt stamp, it is certain that its introduction opens a wide field for extertion, as the act strictly enjoins a tradesman never to settle an account without sticking it on.—Diagenes.

There is an interesting chaple in Cincinnati, who have been engaged to be married for the last five years, but no time has occurred within that period when they were both out of prison at the

An Irishman being in church where the col-lection apparatus resembled election boxes, on it being handed to him, whispered in the carrior's ear that he wasn't naturalized and could not yet A man remarked t'other day, that on his ding day he had an idea that life would be sunshine; but it proved all moonshine, it does—with some.

Wanted to know the widths of a " broad dis-

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